

Children's Newspaper

The Best New Year's Gift for Children
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*Number 93 Week Ending
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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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STRANGE STORY FROM THE JUNGLE

RESCUING A DYING RACE

GOOD NEWS ABOUT THE BISON

Canada Stops the Slaughter of an Interesting Animal

HUGE TENANT OF THE PRAIRIES

It has just been announced by the Canadian Government that there are now in Canada over five thousand head of bison.

This is a wonderful piece of news, for it means that an interesting and useful animal which, owing to wanton slaughter, was on the point of extinction, is once more multiplying and becoming one of the world's important animals.

Half a century ago millions of bison roamed the great prairies of North America. One herd alone was estimated to contain as many as four million animals, and to cover an area on the plains equal to over twelve hundred square miles.

It might well have seemed impossible then that such vast herds could ever be exterminated. But without legal restraints there is no limit to the wilful and wanton waste of wild life that men will bring about.

In an English Rose Garden

A million and a half were butchered to feed the builders of railways, and so vast were the stocks of bones left lying about on the plains that for years the Indians made a living by collecting the bones and selling them for artificial manure. Many an English rose garden owed its beauty in past days to the pulverised bones of the one-time monarch of the prairies.

The world's stock of bison was reduced to a few score pairs, and it seemed that by the end of the nineteenth century the creature would be as extinct as the dodo.

Then men of science and lovers of Nature pleaded for the poor bison, and the governments of Canada and the United States were persuaded to protect the creature and prevent its utter extinction.

Herd of Five Thousand

They set aside large national parks in which they placed a few animals, leaving them free to live their natural lives and multiply unhindered. Canada built a great fence 26 miles long to enclose the precious animals. The result was that by 1904 several hundred bison existed in these preserves, while a few were kept in parks in other parts of the world.

Every encouragement was given to the animals, and, while ten years ago the Canadian herd amounted to only 700, it now numbers over 5000. Perhaps the best assurance that the animals will be allowed to go on multiplying is the fact that, though their preservation had its origin in sentiment, it may now be classed as a distinct financial success.

The Bison Roams the Plains Again



The bison had become almost extinct when the Canadian Government obtained a few pairs and protected them in special areas. They have now grown to a herd of 5000. See next column

In other words, the Canadian Government has proved that it pays to protect the bison.

The authorities value the animals at £60 apiece, or £300,000 in all; but this is a low estimate, for of the few that have recently been killed the mounted heads realised anything up to £200, the skins £25 each, and the meat over two shillings a pound.

Experiments are being carried out in the utilisation of bison wool, and though there are difficulties in manufacture, owing to the admixture of coarse hair, it is believed that the wool will prove a valuable product for carpet-making.

When one remembers that in a little more than twenty years at the close of the nineteenth century over fifteen million bison were killed in North America, the wonder is that any should be alive today to carry on their race.

The bison is an interesting and picturesque creature, and, though so fierce-looking, it is harmless. The world would be the poorer if such an animal were allowed to die out, and the Canadian Government's splendid example is well worthy of being followed in other countries where rare creatures are in danger.

Such animals as the bison are a part

of the natural resources of the country, and, as President Roosevelt said not long before he died, "No generation has the right to use more than the interest of any natural resource. It is the duty of a state to preserve the capital intact for succeeding generations."

THE C.N. PEOPLE

Like a League of Nations

An interesting note comes from a school in Ceylon in which the C.N. is being used.

"Examinations (our correspondent says) have begun today, and I am sitting in a room full of girls, who are struggling with geometry and geography papers.

"As I look up the table I see a Sinhalese Roman Catholic, three Sinhalese Buddhists, five Sinhalese Baptists, one Tamil Christian, and one Moorish girl who is a Mohammedan. A fair mixture, isn't it? Thank you for the C.N. You should see the way the girls run for it."

Our girl readers everywhere, we are sure, will be pleased to think they are in a world-wide company of readers of every kindred, tongue, and faith. A League of Nations, in truth, would be a League of C.N. readers.

MAN WHO STIRRED AN ISLAND

A LAST-DAY-OF-THE-YEAR MEMORY

The Pen that was Mightier than the Sword of Spain

HERO OF THE PHILIPPINES

The last day of the year is the anniversary of the death of a man whose pen was more powerful than the sword of Spain, who made a nation, yet whose name is but little known.

He was slain by Spain on December 30, 1896, yet he left behind him in the world influences that have changed the prospects of nine million people.

He was Dr. José Rizal, the national hero of the Filipinos, who roused the people of the Philippine Islands to resist Spanish domination and to make a bid for free nationhood—an aspiration that can now be regarded as fulfilled in all essential respects.

Man of Many Tongues

Dr. Rizal was born near Manila, the capital of the Philippines. During his 35 years of life he saw a good deal of the world, for he was educated, after his 21st year, in Spain, France, Belgium, England, and Germany. He took the degree of doctor both in medicine and philosophy. He had a reading knowledge of ten languages, and a talking mastery of six.

His power flowed, however, through his pen, and found expression chiefly in novels written in Spanish to expose to the world the misgovernment of the Philippines by their Spanish masters. What he aimed at was to awaken in the hearts of the Filipinos a consciousness of nationality. He wished to cure them of being imitation Spaniards, and to make them proud of their own descent, and determined to justify it in an independent national existence.

Patriot and Prophet

His books so worked on the minds of his countrymen that they rose in open rebellion, and resisted the Spaniards, until, less than three years after Rizal's execution, the Spanish yoke was unloosed by the action of the United States, whose war with Spain—chiefly on account of Cuba—began with the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila.

Dr. Rizal was no soldier. He was an inspirer, a patriot, a writer, and to some extent a prophet, for while he was still a youth he held the view that the freeing of the Philippines from the paralyzing hand of Spain would come through intervention by America.

Executed as a traitor, he only saw the success of his mission by the eye of faith; but it was successful, and it behoves the world to bear in honourable memory this man of a remote and seldom-heard-of race, which listened to his inspiring call, and through his enthusiasm was raised to a place among the recognised peoples of the world.

THREE SLEEPERS

Waking Up 1000 Miles From Their Bed

NEW ARRIVALS AT THE ZOO

Three little travellers left Switzerland the other day fast asleep; a week or so later they reached England, sleepy still.

They were Alpine marmots, which, early in October, wrapped in their casing of autumn fat, had crept into their sleeping chamber, deep underground, to spend the winter in unconsciousness.

Like the frog, the bee, the wasp, the squirrel—which spends much of the winter asleep—the hedgehog and other hibernating animals and insects, our three marmots had gorged themselves on the rich harvests of autumn and, fat as butter, had withdrawn from human sight to sleep the winter through, until the warm breath of spring should stir their sluggish blood, and restore them to consciousness and abundance.

But a party of trackers dug them out of their sleeping chamber, packed them in a box of hay, and sent them, still in dreamland, to the London Zoo.

Strange that they did not wake when the searchers found them, motionless, eyes shut, breathing suspended, apparently dead save for the slowly beating heart which kept the blood circulating in their frozen veins.

And strange will it be for our sleepers to wake up and find themselves—if they only knew—a thousand miles from where they went to sleep. They will wake with the spring, but, meantime, they slumber on in London far from their snowy haunts in the Engadine heather.

SEA MYSTERY

What Was Wrong with the Compass?

CURIOUS COLLISION OF TWO SHIPS

On how slender a thread hang the fortunes of men who go down to the sea in ships!

Perils of storm, of drifting mine, of uncharted rock, are all part of the seaman's daily round, but added to these sometimes is a peril greater still—some unexplained and often unexplainable defect in the delicate instruments on whose unerring accuracy the safety of ships, passengers, and crew in the last resort depend.

The old mariners steered by the light of the stars; the mariners of today steer by the compass. The magnetic needle is the heart of this marvel of man's brain, and if you are ever lucky enough to be allowed on to a ship's bridge you will notice that no vestige of iron or any other substance that can affect the compass needle is to be seen.

The other day at Portland the commander of a famous ship, the Tiger, was court-martialled for alleged negligence in colliding with the Royal Sovereign; but he was honourably acquitted, for he was able to show that the calculations he made were correct enough, but the involved piece of mechanism which he had used to make them—the gyroscope compass—was defective.

No one knows what atmospheric or mechanical factors may have disturbed the nicely-adjusted compass on which so much depended, but that the collision was due to some defect there is no doubt.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A marble and ormolu clock . . .	£410
A pair of ormolu candelabra . . .	£325
Roman standard and camp chair . .	£200
A pair of cottages near Wakefield .	£30

SNAPSHOTS OF THE HEART

Camera and Its New Power

ANOTHER X-RAY WONDER

Recent discoveries have shown that the X-rays can pass through steel and iron, and many engineering firms are today using the X-rays to photograph flaws in the castings of important parts of machinery.

This new work has been made possible by the wonderful X-ray tube invented by Dr. Coolidge, which gives out immensely powerful rays which can pass through four inches of steel plate.

Now another wonderful invention has been made, which has just been described to the Röntgen Society of England. It is a new photographic plate twenty times as sensitive to the X-rays as the plates ordinarily used, and is likely to revolutionise X-ray work, as it will make it possible to take snapshot photographs of the heart, the lungs, or, indeed, any part of the body, and even kinematograph "radiographs" showing the heart beating, or the lungs at work breathing.

Only a few years ago it took half an hour to photograph the thicker parts of the human body with the X-rays; with the new invention a small fraction of a second will suffice.

NEARING A VACUUM

And Approaching Nothingness

Drawing all the air but one-thousand-millionth part from a glass bulb is the result obtained by means of the new air pumps now being used in the construction of wireless telephone valves and the X-ray tubes.

It is the first real approach to "nothingness." A glass vessel with a cubic foot capacity would contain roughly an ounce of air. All the air can now be exhausted except a two-millionth part of a grain!

This tremendous vacuum is produced by means of mercury vapour. Mercury is vapourised by heating it, and the vapour is passed through the vessel which has to be exhausted. It expels the air and is sucked with the air into a cooling chamber, where the mercury becomes liquid again, and passes back to the heater. A vacuum of a hundred-millionth of what is called an atmosphere can be produced in a minute or two.

It is to this extraordinary degree of "nothingness" that we owe the wonderful advances in wireless telephony which have stirred the world during 1920, and it was the same perfection of the vacuum that enabled Dr. Coolidge to make his X-ray tube, with which the heavy metals can be "seen through" by photography.

SMOKERS AND GERMS

Tobacco Does Not Kill Them

There are many people who imagine that tobacco smoke kills germs, and that by smoking tobacco they can protect themselves against various diseases. It is a useful theory to win favour for smokers among housewives.

An Italian professor has lately made a great number of experiments, and has shown that tobacco is no protection against disease. He subjected various microbes, such as those of influenza, diphtheria, and cholera, to the smoke of tobacco, and found that the smoke, even when concentrated, had little effect on them at all.

Even such a delicate germ as the typhoid bacillus remained alive after having been subjected to the smoke of two cigars for more than an hour, and no amount of smoke from the strongest tobacco could kill the deadly germ of tuberculosis.

Not only does tobacco smoke fail to kill germs, but it is apt to irritate the throats of smokers and render them less resistant to the attack of germs.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

In 1792 there were twenty evening papers in London. Now there are six.

"The light was there, but it was out," said a witness in a case at Kingston.

A boy at Whyteleafe has lost his life through running behind a steam wagon.

German War Graves in Britain

About 2500 German combatants and civilians were buried in the United Kingdom during the war.

Their Last Voyage

The bodies of American soldiers are being taken home from France at the rate of about 5000 a month.

An Expensive Piece of Charcoal

A piece of smouldering charcoal put in a drawer at Radley College caused a fire which did damage to the extent of £150.

Cost of a Convict

The cost of keeping a convict for a year in prison has gone up since 1913 from just under £28 to over £95.

Westminster Abbey Record

Two funerals were held in one day recently at Westminster Abbey, for the first time, it is said, in history.

Free Meals for Scholars

Nearly 18,000 school children receive free meals from the London School Council, at a cost of about £1500 a week.

An Increased Majority

A year ago the State of Ohio voted against Prohibition by 80,000. Now it has voted in favour of enforcing it by a majority of 100,000.

Beware of the Cat

It has just been proved that a woman in the United States has died from diphtheria conveyed to her by a cat she had been fondling.

Concert by Wireless

An audience at Cardiff City Hall heard a singer the other night 150 miles away. The singer was at Crewe, and the song was carried by wireless to Cardiff.

Switzerland Wanting Rain

Switzerland has been short of rain for many weeks. The mountain lakes are frozen, and it has been necessary to ration water power and electricity.

Drink

"Drink is the cause of half the crimes in this country directly, and it is the indirect cause of a large proportion of the other half," said Mr. Justice Salter at Leeds Assizes.

Ship for a Dead Emperor

The Brazilian battleship San Paulo, which lately left England, called at Lisbon for the bodies of the late Emperor and Empress of Brazil, which are to be reburied in their native land.

Fond of Home

A happy married couple at Southend, Mr. and Mrs. King, who have just celebrated their golden wedding, have never been more than seven miles from Southend and have never been in a train.

Santa Claus for Dalmatia

America is sending to Dalmatia a Santa Claus ship, with a cargo of 2000 pairs of socks, 2000 pairs of stockings, thousands of tins of condensed milk, and hundreds of toys, and bars of chocolate.

Ponzi

Ponzi, the smart Italian waiter who astonished everybody by making a fortune by buying Post Office international coupons in poor countries and selling them in rich countries, has been sent to prison for five years as a swindler.

A Bolt from the Blue

While flying above the outskirts of Paris an aviator lost his pocket-book containing bank-notes and other papers, and an advertisement offering a reward for its recovery was published in a newspaper—the first advertisement for anything lost in the air.

THE OLD MAN YOUNG

DR. CLIFFORD'S GRAVE ERROR

How to Keep Cheerful When a Taxi Knocks You Down

BAPTISTS IN HIGH PLACES

All the world has heard of Dr. Clifford, the most famous living Baptist preacher. (Is it not curious, by the way, that the British Prime Minister and the new American President are both Baptists?).

Dr. Clifford, his millions of friends will rejoice to know, is active again in spite of an accident that might have overcome a younger man in years, and our postbag brings us a characteristic letter, full of pleasant things we must not quote about the spirit of this paper, "for which not only hundreds of thousands of children are grateful, but crowds of grown men and women; and none more grateful than your old and affectionate friend."

The Old Bones Sound

And then Dr. Clifford goes on: "Soon after I started my 85th year I fell into a grave error and was knocked over by a taxi in Trafalgar Square. I was bruised and shaken somewhat severely, but otherwise not damaged. The old bones are sound; the old muscles are strained and resist use; the old nerves are altogether opposed to work; and therefore my delay has been long in acknowledging your most precious Little Treasure Island."

"What a precious gift it is! I am a child again, and revel in its literary and artistic pictures. How blessed the children of today are compared with those of the forties of last century!"

"The book is a gem; the style is so simple and straight and yet picturesque. The facts are chosen with an insight that never fails and a comprehensiveness that is complete. Much rejoicing will it carry when Mother, unable to get it into a stocking, ties the stocking round it, and uses another for lollipops."

A Little Book on a Big Subject

Then the Doctor sends us his last little book, of which he says:

"I am sending you the last bit of work I have done; perhaps it may tell you there is some life in the old dog yet. Surely, little or much, it is to the last fibre responsibility for service."

Those who would see how young Dr. Clifford is, how fervent is his passion for good, and how precious the spirit he has been spreading among men for seventy years and more, may turn to this new book by the most vigorous and rousing preacher England has. "The Gospel of Brotherhood According to Jesus" is published by Hodder and Stoughton (5s.), and to all who believe in the certain triumph of the League of Nations, the dawn of universal peace, this little book comes as a trumpet call to further effort, and as an immense encouragement. It is a great appeal to all who love their fellow men, and should find its way into pulpits and pews and brotherhoods everywhere.

Long may our old friend live to see his vision true.

PUSS MEETS HER MATCH

Gallant Rescue by Starlings

A Lancashire correspondent vouches for this defeat of a marauding cat by starlings.

One morning a friend's cat took it into her head to stalk the starlings in the next-door neighbour's garden just when the master was feeding them.

Pussy crept silently and stealthily along the top of the wall, and suddenly caught one of the birds.

The other starlings immediately rose into the air, but, realising in some strange way what had happened, as if by a common impulse they formed themselves into a solid group and swooped down bodily on the cat, and compelled her to release her prey.

Bruised and cowed, she let the bird go, and fled back to her own garden.

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GOMEZ OF VENEZUELA

President Who Leads His People

FARMER CHIEF OF LITTLE VENICE

We know too little about the men who are guiding spirits of foreign countries. A newspaper correspondent who has been visiting the South American Republic of Venezuela, which borders on the west the British colony of Guiana, sends a clear and vivid description of General Gomez, who is the elected President there.

The Republic, which now has about two and a half million inhabitants, is named after Venice—"Little Venice" being the meaning of it. It was discovered by Columbus on his third voyage. A low-lying, marshy land in the north-west, it rises elsewhere quickly from the coast into mountains, and farther inland are grassy, cattle-rearing, hilly stretches.

The people have often been restless and inclined towards internal wars, but General Gomez, who was elected President for four years in 1910 and again in 1915 for seven years, has shown great and practical energy, preserving order with a firm hand and giving a fine example in personal industry and wise management in the conduct of his stock-breeding farms.

Joy of Work

The climate makes people inclined to laziness; but General Gomez sees no reason for excusing that. Here is a little thumb-nail sketch of him.

Of middle-height, sturdy and vigorous, his round, bronzed face shows no trace of age. He has a beaming smile and a keen, direct look. His manner is frank and he laughs heartily. "My aim," he said, "is to teach Venezuelans to work and to enjoy working because they understand the rewards of labour."

"I set the example myself (he says). I rise very early every day and transact here the affairs that come to me from all over the country. There is a great deal to do. Any time that I have apart from national business I give to my farms—scientific agriculture and stock-farming are my recreations. My people, who are ready to work as hard as I do, say that I am a good leader. Those who find fault with me are the men who want to live without working." And then he laughed again.

It is well that we should know and watch this man, strong physically and mentally, who in the last seven years has been the governing force in his country and has helped it to make great strides in prosperity.

MARK OF THE GOTH ON RHEIMS

Ten Years of Work on the Great Cathedral

The governing mind of Germany during the war was shown most plainly in five terrible ways, all outside the range of civilised warfare.

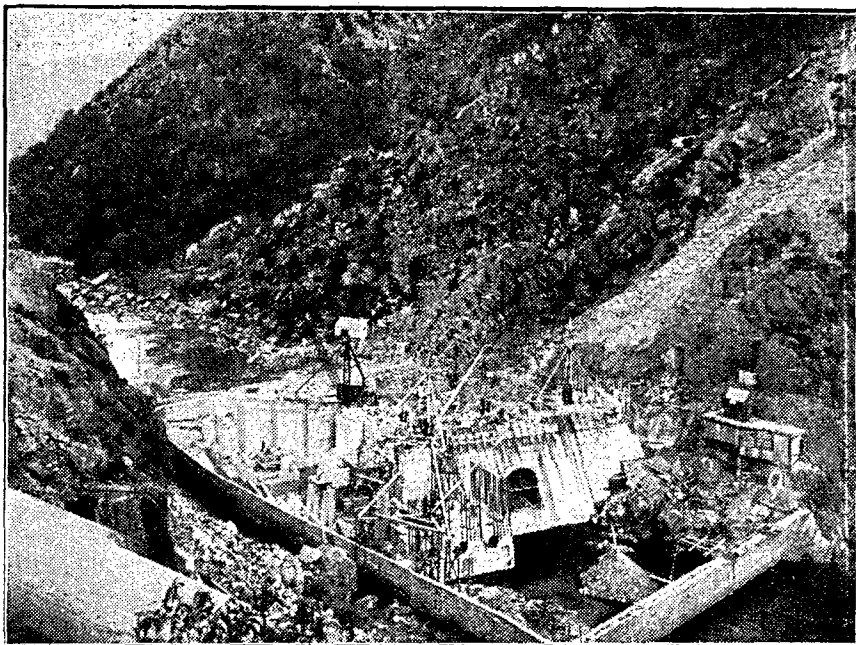
The five ways were the sinking of all ships at sea, friendly or unfriendly; the use of poison gas; the carrying away captive of Belgians for slavish work; the destruction of property, mines, factories, and the means of living in France; and, lastly, the deliberate destruction by long range fire of beautiful historic places.

Of this last outrage the ruin of the beautiful cathedral of Rheims is one of the worst instances. It is now announced with authority that quite ten years must pass before the mark of the Goth can be removed from this building, if it ever can be fully obliterated.

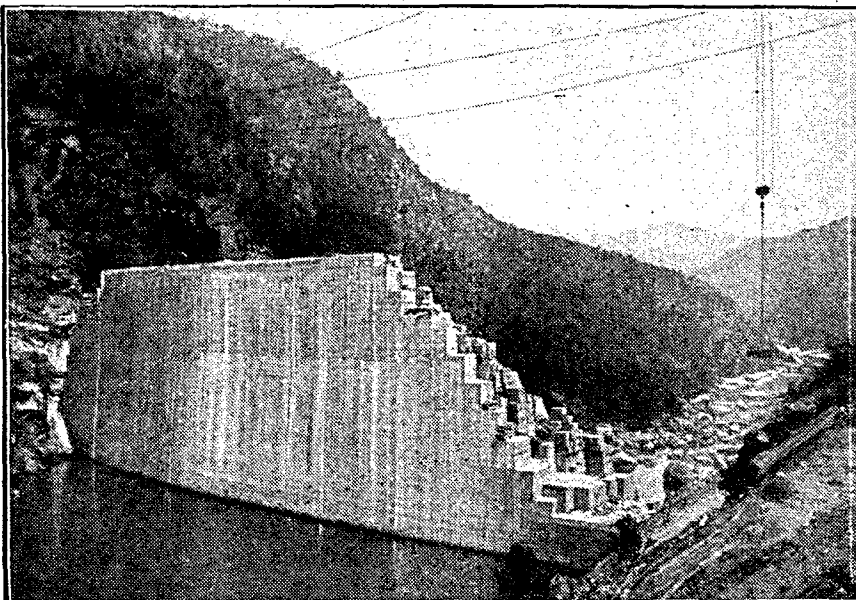
A sum of £200,000 is required to begin the work of restoration with confidence, and a British committee is to assist our French neighbours.

Rheims cathedral is one of the buildings that, because of their beauty and distinction, belong to all the world.

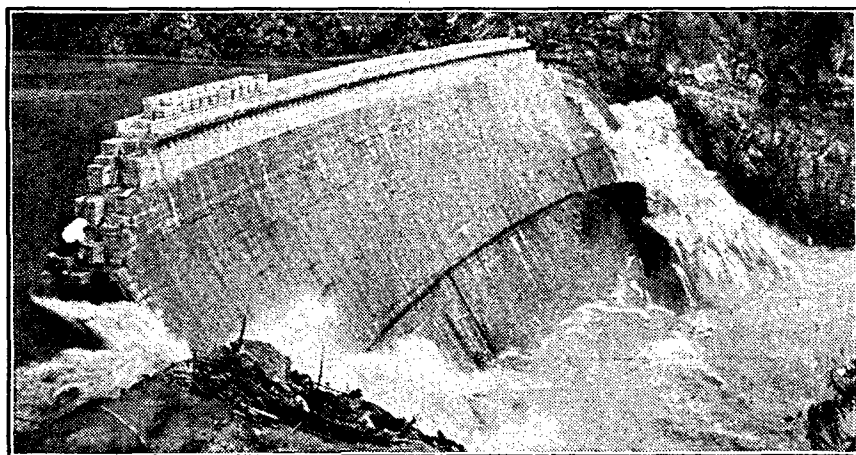
AUSTRALIA HOLDS UP THE WATERS



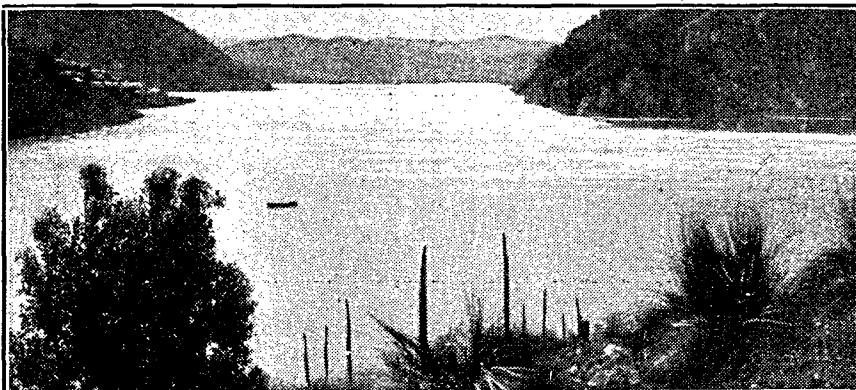
The great wall rising from its foundations at the foot of the mountains when the river was only a little trickling stream



How the great blocks of stone were placed in position by means of an aerial ropeway on which ran a travelling crane



The wall, 185 feet high, nearing completion and beginning to hold up the waters of the spring floods, ready to be distributed over the land in the dry season



The magnificent lake, stretching for many miles, which has been formed by the great dam across the river's course

One of the greatest engineering feats ever carried out in Australia was the building of a huge dam across the Murrumbidgee River to hold up the spring and summer floods for irrigation purposes. Here we see the dam in course of construction

WALLING IN A RIVER

HOLDING UP THE WINTER FLOODS

And Setting Them Free for the Harvest Fields

ROOM FOR 6000 NEW FARMS

By Our Australian Correspondent

One of the greatest engineering feats ever known in Australia is on the eve of achievement.

For sixteen years Australian engineers have been building a dam, 200 miles from Sydney, to hold back the winter and spring flood waters of the Murrumbidgee, storing them until summer comes, and then passing them through great sluices into the river again, diverting them, by means of a series of locks and weirs, into channels where they have never flowed before, drowning hundreds of thousands of square miles of country, and covering the dry land with a network of canals, on the banks of which 6000 farms will one day support a hundred thousand people.

House that Disappeared

When the first sod of this great work was turned, in December 1904, the writer was spending his Christmas holidays at Burrinjuck, on the mountain slope overlooking the rocky bed of the river. Two years ago he revisited old scenes. What a contrast!

For miles and miles, as far as the eye could see, a great sheet of placid water lay stretched in silver loveliness. The little house where twelve years before his holidays were spent, had long since disappeared. The waters covered it. The little mountain railway that in years gone by had wound a hesitating trail along the mountain-side, bringing supplies to the workmen, was under water too—a hundred feet under water.

Tearing Away the Mountain

The sides of the granite mountain had been riveted and torn; huge boulders had been blasted out and cemented into the river bed, and a great wall, 185 feet high with a base 160 feet thick, tapering at the top to 18 feet, had been thrown across the river, thrusting back the waters into a lake bigger than Sydney Harbour.

Today the wall is completed; it is 236 feet high, and nearly 34 million million cubic feet of water have been impounded. Every ounce of stone torn from the mountain went back into the wall; hundreds of thousands of tons of reinforced concrete hold it together.

More than £3,000,000 has been spent in the building of it. The river channel, which once ran to waste between two high walls of solid red granite, now runs to waste no more. Every drop of water in it lies securely stored behind this great locked gate, and when the summer comes the sluices open, and three hundred miles of country are criss-crossed with silver canals.

Waving Fields of Corn

Waving fields of corn and wheat and lucerne and golden orchards soak in the life-giving fluid, with butter, bacon, cheese, and canning factories, established by the Government, flourishing alongside. Dairying and pig-raising, as well as fruit-growing, are flourishing too, and a hardy race of settlers is building up a nation for a continent.

Wonderful fishing and shooting are to be had along the reservoir, for the stored water teems with cod and perch and English trout; and wild duck, plover, mutton birds, rabbits, hares, and foxes haunt its shores in countless thousands. Everything is being done that a paternal Government can do to make the lot of the settlers prosperous, happy, and contented in

An opal-hearted country,
A wilful, lavish land.

Fortunate indeed are those who dwell in such a happy land!

READY FOR THE NEW YEAR

The Mad Hatter's Good Resolutions

HIS SURPRISE FROM THE DUCHESS

From Our Correspondent in Wonderland

"About this time of the year," said the Mad Hatter, on whom I called last week, "I make it a rule to form one or two very choice, inexpensive, becoming, and attractive resolutions—what you might call this season's novelties."

"Do they last?" I inquired.

"That's not the point," replied the Mad Hatter. "If they lasted we shouldn't be able to form more good resolutions next year. The very essence of a New Year resolution is that it should not last."

"You mean," I asked, "that you don't want to be perfect at one swoop?"

"You have my meaning," answered the Mad Hatter. "And now I'll tell you my method. It is this:

Sit down in any old chair—

With a block of melting ice strapped firmly on your hair;

Put your feet in a bucket,

Be happy, and look it:

The bucket to contain

Several pints or square yards of cold rain;

And so for five minutes by the kitchen clock,

never moving a muscle, moistening your lips, twiddling a toe, or thinking of anything pleasant, remain.

When this time has elapsed,

And you feel that your mind is unhasped, Say:

'I was greedy today!'

Or

'My temper was sore,'

Causing my friends and neighbours noticeable sorrow;

TOMORROW

I WILL STRUGGLE WITH REAL STRESS

TO EAT LESS,

AND NOT TO SHOUT TOO LOUDLY WHEN I HEAR THE DINNER-BELL:

ALSO I WILL ENDEAVOUR TO BEHAVE WELL, AND KEEP MY TEMPER

EADAM SEMPER.'

WHEN you have said this three times,

Never making a mistake in any of the rhymes,

Get up, run about, and shriek, yell, or vigorously say:

'I'll be better tomorrow than I have been today!'

Hooray! Hoo-jolly-ray!

I'm better already!

STEADY, LAD, STEADY!'

"And now," said the Mad Hatter, taking up a knife and attacking the large loaf in front of him, "you not only have my meaning, but my method."

"Did you get this method from Lewis Carroll?" I asked.

"Carroll? Lewis Carroll?" he asked, looking up blankly from his bread cutting. "Never heard of him!"

"You must mean Christmas Carol. And that reminds me, I spent a miserable Christmas this year—oh, a most miserable Christmas!"

"How was that?" I asked.

"Why," he replied, "the last of my good resolutions broke down on Christmas Eve, and left me stranded."

"What resolution was that?"

"You see," he said, sitting back and beginning to spread butter on his slice of bread, "I had made one resolution which I thoroughly intended should go right through the year. Of course it

wasn't a very big resolution, like keeping my temper or spreading the butter thinly on the bread, or never answering back, or trying to love the Dormouse as if he were my own brother. No; this resolution I speak of made no such awful demands on human nature as that. It was mild. It was sweet. It seemed easy."

He began eating vigorously, and for a moment was incapable of speech.

"It was simply this," he continued presently, but before the bread-and-butter had left him quite free for conversation:

"I made the resolution that if anybody said to me during the year, 'What would you like for a Christmas present?' I would reply, 'I want for nothing.'"

"Well, what happened?"

"I met the Duchess," said the Mad Hatter, swallowing, "at five o'clock on Christmas Eve, and she said to me, 'Are you expecting many presents tomorrow?' 'None,' said I. 'Don't you want anything at all?' 'Nothing,' I said. And then she burst out laughing, and that did me. Nothing annoys me more than being laughed at."

"I see."

"So I called out as she was going away, 'Yes, I do want a present. I want a new hat.' It was the only thing I could think of."

"And she sent you one?"

"On Christmas Day," he answered, "a frog footman arrived with a hat-box. 'With her Grace's compliments and best wishes for a merry Christmas,' he said. When I opened the box, which was full of sawdust and shavings, I found near the bottom of it a substantial brown-paper parcel—not heavy, but substantial. I tore off the string, stripped off the paper, and there inside was a cardboard box."

"Yes?"

"And inside it was another parcel."

"Yes."

"I opened that parcel. It was less substantial, but still promising. And inside was something wrapped in tissue paper. I slipped away the tissue paper, and inside was a lot of wadding. I slipped off the wadding, and there inside, done up in pink tissue-paper, was another little flat-shaped cardboard box. I opened the box, and inside was something thin, done up in green paper."

"What was it?"

"A card, and on one side was written:

The Duchess's Present

?

And on the other side was written:

The Mad Hatter's Past

!—!

"Oh," cried the Mad Hatter, bursting into tears, "if only I had kept my good resolution how different would have been my Christmas Day! My leg has been aching and my heart has been breaking ever since!"

I crept away, not wishing to intrude on his great sorrow.

OSTRICH EGGS

An Incubator Experiment

Ostrich eggs, taken from their native desert and transported thousands of miles to Wisconsin, have been successfully hatched out in an incubator kept at the body temperature of the mother bird. The young ostriches were found to be in every respect as strong and healthy as if hatched in the desert sand.

SIGHT WITHOUT EYES?

STRANGE STATEMENT FROM PARIS

Book Which Declares that We Can See Through the Nose

A NOVELIST'S FICTION

By Our Medical Correspondent

The grown-up papers have published an astounding paragraph from Paris.

M. Louis Faricoult, the well-known French novelist who writes under the name Jules Romains, has published a book entitled "Sight without the Retina," in which he declares that there are rudimentary eyes all over the skin, and that, with the aid of hypnotism, the eyes of the skin of the nose can read newspapers, the eyes of the skin of the chest can read figures, and the eyes of the skin of the face and the back can distinguish objects.

If that be true it is a most amazing fact; but for many reasons it is almost incredible, and M. Faricoult will require to bring a great deal of proof before scientific men will believe him.

The skin and the brain and the nerves are all developed from the same tissue, the epiblast; and as the nerve endings in the skin are more or less continuous with the brain, the skin may itself be considered part of the brain.

Wonderful Disc in the Eye

Again, the most essential parts of the eye are also developed from the epiblast, so that eye, skin, and brain are all made from the same elementary tissue, all closely related. But even if there are elementary eyes in the skin, and even if, as is quite likely, they are in direct connection with the skin, it is almost impossible that they could see and read, for sight is much more than the eye.

Sight begins in the eye, a very complicated organ, and by means of a lens focuses light on a very wonderful disc known as the retina, where complicated changes are set up, and in some mysterious way cause messages to be sent to the brain.

In the brain these messages run along intricately arranged nerve tracts to certain parts of the brain. The retina, the brain centres, and nerve tracts are all necessary for sight, and if any of them are damaged in any way sight becomes impossible. Even a little disorder in the focussing power of the lens destroys the eye's reading power. Nature does not do work unnecessarily, and all the intricate connections between eye and brain are necessary for sight.

It is almost incredible that rudimentary eyes in the skin could do all the work of this complex apparatus of sight, and M. Faricoult will have to bring very strong proofs before we can believe his remarkable tale.

We give it here as it has appeared in the grown-up papers, but we advise our readers to place no reliance on it.

MOUNTAIN MOVES

Forests Breaking Up

A mountain on the borders of the beautiful Austrian lakeland near Ischl is being rent into jagged peaks.

The whole mountain, Sandling by name, is splitting up; its forests are being destroyed; its rocks are changing their places; and the vegetation of long ages ago is being uncovered—vegetation which is partly turned to coal.

The people of that lovely countryside are seeing something of the immense movements of the earth's crust that have raised mountains and heaved up their rocky layers. The peasants think the upheavals are being caused by changes in the salt deposits which form a considerable part of the interior.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

BRIDGE BLOWN AWAY IN A NIGHT

Man Who Defied a King

CONQUEROR OF JERUSALEM

Dec. 26. Fredk. II, Emperor of Germany, born 1194
27. H.M.S. Beagle sailed with Darwin . . . 1831
28. Tay Bridge disaster . . . 1879
29. Thomas Becket murdered at Canterbury 1170
30. Roman emperor Titus born at Rome . . . 40
31. John Flamsteed died at Greenwich . . . 1719
Jan. 1. Maria Edgeworth born at Blackbourton 1767

The Tay Bridge Disaster

THE great railway bridge over the estuary of the River Tay, a river that carries to the sea more water than any other river in Scotland, was first brought into use in the middle of the year 1878. It was nearly two miles long, and was thought of proudly as one of the finest bridges in the world.

Eighteen months later, on the night of December 28, 1879, a wild storm was raging off the eastern Scottish coast, the wind blowing in mighty gusts, when a passenger train ran on the bridge. As it reached the central span it gave the violent gale more surface to push against, and suddenly the part of the bridge across which the train was passing and the train itself were blown over into the storm-tossed river below.

All who were in the train perished. How many was never exactly known. It was the most terrible railway accident that has happened in Great Britain.

A safer bridge has now been built over the Tay.

Thomas Becket

THOMAS BECKET, Archbishop of Canterbury, was one of the men in history about whom mankind will never agree. Sympathy has always been felt for him because of his cruel murder, due to the hasty speech of an angry king.

"Of the cowards that eat my bread is there none will rid me of this turbulent priest?" That was the angry outburst of Henry II, and, perhaps not unnaturally, four knights who heard the taunt set out at once to kill the king's enemy. Henry denied afterwards that he was hinting at foul murder.

The king's grievance was that Becket had been his friend till he rose to the great position of Archbishop of Canterbury, and then, suddenly, he opposed the king's wishes, and gave him trouble in managing his kingdom.

The chief point of dispute between them was whether priests who broke the common law of the land should be tried by that law like other men. Becket said "No." The king said "Yes," except where their offence only concerned the Church. Undoubtedly Becket was wrong.

The English people, whatever his faults may have been, were proud of Becket as the first Englishman made Archbishop of Canterbury, and after his death many went as pilgrims to his grave.

The Emperor Titus

THE Emperor Titus of Rome, son of the Emperor Vespasian, was one of the rulers of mankind who steadied down when they gained power, and surprised people by their sense of duty.

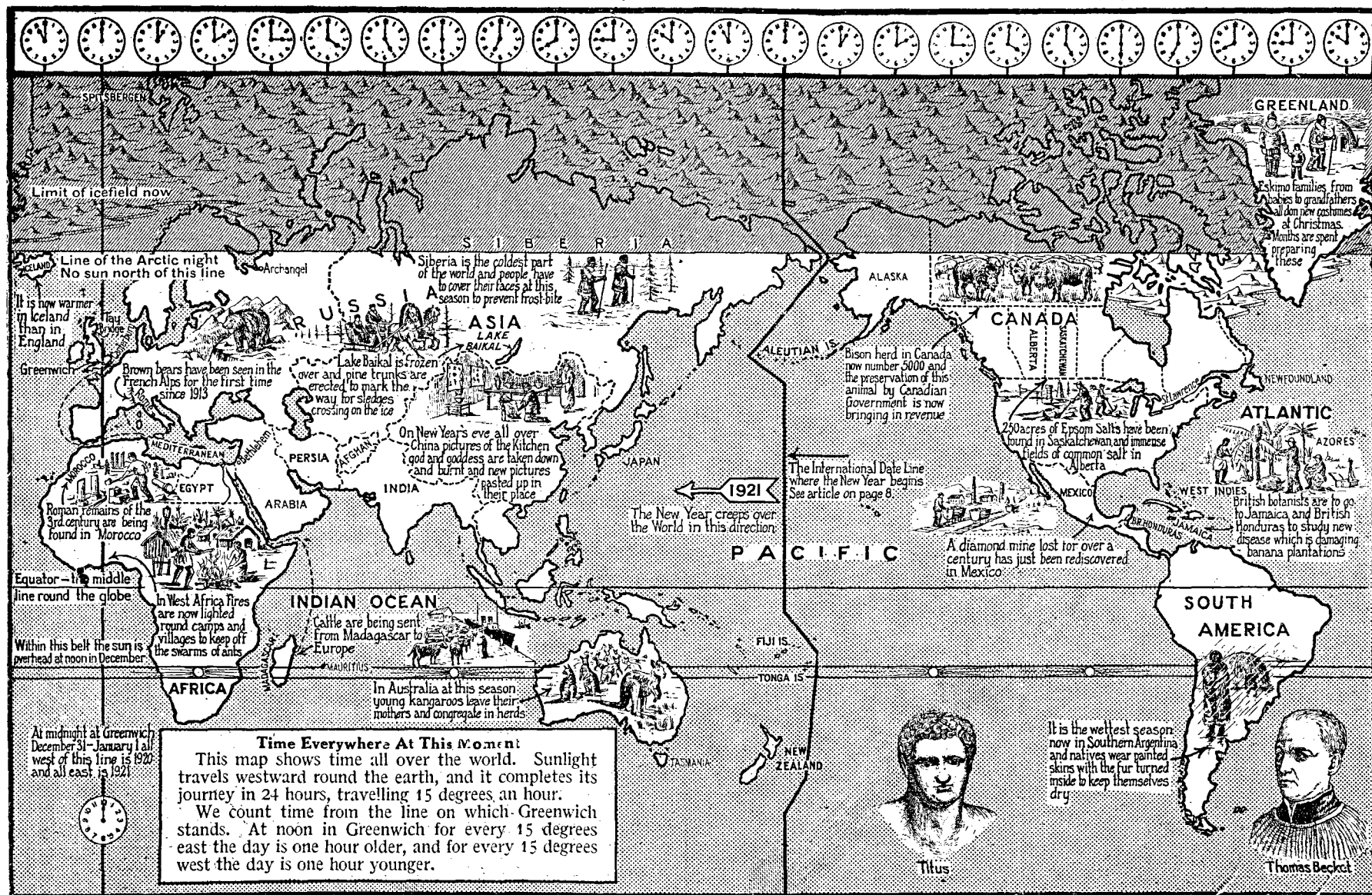
Titus took over from his father the command of the army that captured Jerusalem in the year 70 A.D. The Jews whom he carried captive to Rome helped to build the Coliseum, mighty even in ruin. There the Roman populace was entertained with cruel games.

But Titus did not rely on the amusement of the people to make him popular. He introduced wise reforms, and he it was who said "I have lost a day" when he could not remember a good deed he had done on that day.

He is commemorated in Rome by the Arch of Titus, whose sculptured story tells of the capture of Jerusalem.

It was during the reign of Titus that the volcano Vesuvius buried the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

PICTURE-NEWS MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING WHERE THE NEW YEAR BEGINS



TELEPHONE IN A CELLAR
And the Wonders it Can do
MEASURING DISTANCE BY SOUND

In the vaults below Leeds University is kept a telephone so sensitive that it can detect not only very small sounds but extraordinarily small distances.

There are other instruments which can measure distances as small as a millionth of an inch, but this telephone, which is used by Professor Whiddington, F.R.S., has recorded distances as small as one 200-millionth part of an inch. The invisible molecules of which this paper and ink are composed are not much wider than that.

It is managed in something like this way. In the new arrangements which are made for wireless telephoning over long distances certain instruments, which are very like the ordinary electric-light bulb, are used to make the telephone more sensitive.

Musical Note

The professor puts some of these into the circuit of his telephone set, and thus makes it so sensitive that another electric circuit placed near it causes the telephone diaphragm to give out a musical note.

Now, while the two circuits are kept at the same distance the musical note remains unchanged; but if the distance is altered by as much as the two-millionth of an inch, *or even less sometimes*, the note of the telephone changes.

The instrument is so sensitive that, though kept underground to avoid vibrations from outside, it will work accurately only in the quiet of night.

DISAPPEARING CHARTERS

Canon Wilson says that hundreds of documents, including many valuable Anglo-Saxon charters, have disappeared from the archives of Worcester Cathedral—and for this he partly blames the choir-boys of years ago.

THE MAN OF LIFE AND DEATH

Has a Doctor the Right to Strike?

By Our Medical Correspondent

A play that has been performed in London has raised the question whether doctors have a right to strike.

As a doctor I should say they have most certainly no right to strike, for a doctor who strikes may be condemning many innocent people to pain, disease, and death.

Nothing can justify a medical man in refusing to attend a patient. The patient may be a personal or a national enemy ; he may be a thief, he may be a murderer, he may decline to pay for the medical attendance ; but it is the doctor's duty to attend the patient unless he is quite certain that another doctor can take his place. A general strike of doctors would be a monstrous crime.

In Vienna last spring a number of doctors holding minor hospital appointments, and finding it impossible to live on salaries of £20 or £30 a year, did strike for a short time to draw attention to their plight; but there were still enough doctors on duty to attend to urgent cases.

Medicine is not a trade, but a noble profession; and life and death are often in a doctor's hand. Therefore a doctor cannot strike. That being so, however, it is all the more incumbent on the general public to see that doctors are adequately paid for their arduous and responsible work.

BRITISH COLUMBIA TURNS TO THE RIGHT

The rule of the road in British Columbia has always been "keep to the left," as in England, but recent legislation decrees that traffic shall keep to the right, as in all the rest of the North American continent, except Prince Edward Island.

SOWING BY AEROPLANE

Promised Revolution in Farming

The use of the aeroplane in agriculture has been the subject of experiments by an officer in the American Air Service. He has constructed an "aerial grain-sower," which promises to revolutionise farming.

The aerial grain-sower differs from an ordinary aeroplane in that a number of perforated metal tubes are laid parallel, at short intervals, from front to back of the lower wings. The grain is forced out of these tubes by air pressure, which is created by the flight of the aeroplane.

The aeroplane has a speed of about 40 miles an hour, and is flown a few feet above the ground. It is estimated that a strip 36 feet wide can be planted at each passage of the machine. The area already planted is indicated by white lime or fertiliser, thrown down through special tubes.

The pressure by which the seed is discharged into the earth can be regulated in accordance with the conditions of the soil by means of a hand wheel connected to a check valve.

The amount of work done during a six hours' test by one man with an aerial grain-sower proved equal to that of 38 men working in the ordinary way.

FROM PITCAIRN ISLAND

A Coventry lady who has been sending out toys to lonely children on Pitcairn Island has received a parcel of curios as an expression of gratitude. It contained a model of a sailing barque, samples of native cloth, fans made of leaves, gorgeous feathers, coconut-shell baskets, mother-of-pearl and other shells, and two quaint dolls—all very interesting objects.

DOG OF ANCIENT ATHENS

Footprints Still to be Seen
RARE FINDS FOR THE BRITISH
MUSEUM

The Greek Government is presenting the British Museum with a collection of interesting relics unearthed during the war by British soldiers.

Hundreds of our soldiers, excavating trenches in the Near and Middle East, dug up wonderful relics of ancient civilisations—prehistoric, Greek, and Roman—and new horizons and new delights opened before them as they dug.

What is there "dry-as-dust" in relics that take us back to scenes of domestic life hundreds of years ago, so intimate, so clear that when we turn the relics over in our hands we seem to be living in another age with the Caesars, with Pericles and his Greeks?

The Ancient Profiteer

A shred of pottery was dug up with the imprint of a dog's foot made on it while the clay was still wet and the potter's work unfinished centuries ago.

Grain, stored in pots long centuries ago, was found still stored in the same pots, and the centuries had not dissolved it. If these things prove to us that the old Greeks and Romans went about their daily tasks 2000 years ago much as we go about them today there is evidence, too, that the ancients had their standards of public morality and people who outraged those standards.

The profiteer, it seems, has been always with us. He is no modern growth, or why should a marble slab commemorate Manlius Salaris Sabinus, an honest-living contractor, who sold barley, beans, and wine to the Roman soldiers below the market price?

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 25 1920

It is Christmas—All is Well

Who, sitting by the fire this Christmas-tide, will not like to read these verses from the gentle pen, now lying still, of the children's poet of America, James Whitcomb Riley?

I HAD fed the fire, and stirred it till the sparkles in delight
Snapped their saucy little fingers at the chill December night;
And, in dressing-gown and slippers, I had tilted back my throne—

The old split-bottomed rocker—and was musing all alone.

I COULD hear the hungry Winter prowling round the outer door,
And the tread of muffled footsteps on the white piazza floor;
But the sounds came to me only as the murmur of a stream
That mingled with the current of a lazy-flowing dream.

AND I saw a happy mother, and a group surrounding her
That knelt with costly presents of frankincense and myrrh;
And I thrilled with awe and wonder as a murmur on the air
Came drifting o'er the hearing in a melody of prayer:

BY the splendour in the heavens and the hush upon the sea,
And the majesty of silence reigning over Galilee,
We feel Thy kingly Presence, and we humbly bow the knee
And lift our hearts and voices in gratefulness to Thee.

THY messenger has spoken, and our doubts have fled and gone,
As the dark and spectral shadows of the night before the dawn;
And, in the kindly shelter of the light around us drawn,
We would nestle down for ever in the Breast we lean upon.

YOU have given us a Shepherd—
You have given us a Guide,
And the light of heaven grew dimmer when You sent him from Your side;
But He comes to lead Thy children where the gates will open wide
To welcome His returning when His works are glorified.

BY the splendour in the heavens and the hush upon the sea,
And the majesty of silence reigning over Galilee,
We feel Thy kingly Presence, and we humbly bow the knee
And lift our hearts and voices in gratefulness to Thee.

THEN the vision, slowly failing, with the words of the refrain,
Fell swooning in the moonlight through the frosty window-pane;
And I heard the clock proclaiming, like an eager sentinel
Who brings the world good tidings: It is Christmas—all is well!



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Shepherd and His Sheep

IT is said of a shepherd on the Chiltern Hills who has lately died that, though he could only count up to three, he knew every sheep in a large flock, could tell when one was missing, and knew which particular sheep was absent.

How he knew he could not explain; perhaps, because he did not know. It was sufficient for him that he knew.

It was much the same with the little girl who was going home in a long street in which the houses were all alike. When she was asked the name of the house she said she did not know. She did not even know the number. But she added, "I can show you which it is."

When they reached the house she said "That's it." But the house was exactly like the others, and so she was asked how she knew it. The little lady did not know how she knew, but that was it because there was "a little yellow room upstairs."

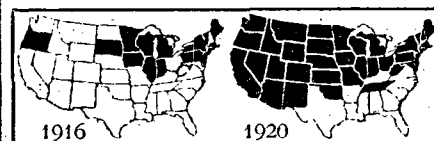
Of course it is well to know reasons why. But there are many things in this mysterious life which we do not understand, and, after all, are there not things greater than knowledge?

The Water Passing By

WE wonder if a poet will ever write of the River Severn again as Tennyson did:

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

Lord Tennyson could never have imagined that this water passing by would one day be working for millions of people, and it will be curious to see what the poet of another day says of this moving tide when it is working great factories, lighting our streets, driving our trams, and perhaps warming our houses in winter. Even the dreamer of Locksley Hall could hardly have thought of a greater change than Time may bring to this river that seemed to make a silence in the hills as Lord Tennyson stood and watched it.



These two maps show the extent of the political transformation of America at the Presidential Election, when the Republicans and the Democrats changed places. Democrat States are white and Republican black.

Where Shall We Eat?

MOST people will agree with the complaints of pet dogs in restaurants. Most people will wish the owners of these dogs would not use the restaurants for powdering their noses.

When all our restaurants have become kennel clubs and toilet-rooms, where shall we go to eat?

Too Young

THERE is nothing like starting early, but, much as we believe in education, we think a boy of fourteen months too young to go to school. Evidently the War Office does not.

A correspondent in Sussex sends us a case of a soldier who tried to get an allowance for a fourteen months' old baby, and received from the War Office an application for the school certificate. Surely Mr. Churchill is pushing things a little too far!

Let It Bust

A FRIEND of ours heard a friend of one of the great armament firms talking the other day. "If there is not another war in ten years the firm must go bust," he said. We hope it will go bust.

Tip-Cat

LORD FRASER fears financial ruin, "unless Cabinet Ministers mend their ways." Isn't it more a question of means?

M. GRABSKI has given up the post of Finance Minister for Poland. Quite a good change, apparently.

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN would "trust a crossing-sweeper who has an appreciation for music." He would, of course, have sound principles.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
What is the full moon full of?

It took Mr. Lloyd George about two days to start the Ministry of Munitions. It has taken him more than two years to try to stop it.

"LABOUR is out," says Mr. Thomas, "for a square deal." The public hopes to get some good hands.

THE Institute of Journalists advertises for a reporter to go to China for a guinea a week. Living is cheaper there, but somehow we are not tempted.

And Why Not Britain Too?

SOUTH AUSTRALIA has done a splendid thing. The House of Assembly at Adelaide has given a free first-class railway ticket for life to all men crippled in the war.

It is a long way off, but not too far away for us to grasp the meaning of it, and we should like to feel that somebody in our House of Commons would ask our Chancellor if this great country is not rich enough, even in these hard times, to do what South Australia can do.

Poems of Peter Puck

The Invisible Stocking

I HOPE you won't think I am shocking
When I say with a serious sound

That the best thing to find in your stocking

When Christmas comes round
Is neither a toy nor a victual,
For example, a doll or a fig,
But something tremendously little
And enormously big!

It is something gigantic yet elfish,
It's something inside you that flies,

It's the Wish to be wholly unselfish,
The Prayer to be wise;

And now you won't think I am shocking,

For here at the finish you find
That I only refer to the stocking
That hangs in your mind.

Proverb of the Day



To a Pessimist:
It's a long lane that has no turning

Christmas Eve

By Our Country Girl

WHAT is the saddest sight in London on Christmas Eve?

It seemed to me, the other night, the rows of motor-cars and taxis drawn up outside a West End restaurant. They stood for people who might be rich, but had no homes, because they had no children.

In the houses all round them were the sounds of music, shouts, and laughter, and there were dancing figures against the blinds. But these people had nothing but silence and discontent in their grand rooms, and they could not bear the emptiness of their lives, and had gone to the clatter of a restaurant to escape. Probably they had work and interests that filled their lives in ordinary times, but at Christmas nothing can take the place of a home.

One of the taxi men said to a policeman as I went by, "Yes, my missus wanted me to stay home with the kids tonight, but I looked at the money. I don't know that it's worth it, though. Next year I'm having Christmas at home."

December 25

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.

MOWGLI BOY CARRIED OFF BY A LEOPARD

Extraordinary Story from the
Hills of India

BROUGHT UP BY A WILD ANIMAL

Mowgli of Mr. Kipling's Jungle Books is obviously based on the countless stories of children carried off and reared by wild mother animals in India.

Now the world has an opportunity of testing scientifically the narrative of what is called a leopard child—a child snatched up by a leopardess, carried off, suckled, and maintained by her for three years, and alive now to prove the tale.

The details, furnished by the Calcutta Correspondent of the Morning Post, tell the tale of a child whose home is in the North Cachar Hills, on the North-East Frontier of India.

Five years ago the Cachari villagers found two leopard cubs near their village, and killed them. Three days later a mother laid her baby boy down while she was cutting rice, and the mother of the dead leopard cubs suddenly sprang out of the jungle, snapped up the child, and bounded away with it.

Lost Child Found

Three years elapsed, and then a sportsman killed the leopardess, but was unable to reach her cubs. The villagers turned out, tracked the cubs to their lair, and there found the two little leopards and the lost child.

The boy was quite animal-like in his movements. He ran on all fours with great speed, dodging in and out of bushes with amazing adroitness. The palms of his hands and the pads of his toes were covered with horny skin.

His sight was affected by cataract, which, it seems, was not due to any injury inflicted by his terrible companions, but arose from an inborn defect. Upon his body were the white scars from many bites and scratches caused by the teeth and claws of his strange playmates. He found his way about by sniffing the air as an animal does. When within reach of a bird he killed and ate it.

Boy Runs On All Fours

He was carried home in triumph, and had been at home two years when he was discovered by Mr. Stuart Baker, a scientist, who gives the details in the Bombay Natural History Society's Journal.

When Mr. Baker approached the child, sitting on the ground like a little animal, it raised its head, sniffed the air, and bolted on all fours to its father, between whose legs it took up its position, like an animal retreating into its burrow. It can now walk upright, though when afraid it reverts to the all-fours gait of its earlier training. When first caught in the wilds the boy bit and scratched savagely, but he is becoming humanised.

The Mother Instinct

Now, this story is duly verified by many witnesses. At first sight it seems impossible. Why did the leopard not eat the child it carried off as prey? The answer is that when a mother animal is suckling cubs, and loses one, she may adopt a child which will satisfy the mother-longing in the animal, and become as dear to her as one of her own kind. There are thousands of examples of seeming impossibilities—of rabbits rearing ferrets, cats rearing rats, cows suckling lambs, dogs rearing wolves.

It all comes back to the supreme fact that motherhood is the source of the deepest affection in the world, and makes even so frightful a creature as a leopard superior to the pangs of hunger and to natural savagery. Let us not forget that we owe the presence in England of Johnny Gorilla to the fact that a black woman, nursing her own child, took Johnny to her heart and reared him carefully as a piccaninny.

A SCOUT'S GOOD TURNS—BY THE CHIEF SCOUT

HAPPINESS does not come to you by sitting down and waiting for it. It is like a tramcar—you will miss it if you don't run after it and catch it.

In the South African war I had the good luck to capture a Boer leader who had tried to advise Kruger, the President of the Transvaal, how to fight the British. He had told the old president that he would have to get a lot more modern artillery if he really wanted to beat us.

Kruger replied: "If God means us to win the war we shall win it, whether we have artillery or not, young man." So his adviser replied: "Yes, but God expects you to do something towards it. He has given you a stomach so that you can enjoy eating roast goose, but he expects you to pluck the goose and cook it first. God helps those who help themselves."

It is the same with being happy. God gives you happiness if you choose to work for it, and the most certain way to get happiness is to give happiness.

And that is where the Scout's good turns come in. A fellow who does good turns to others somehow finds himself very happy and cheery.

The year is nearly over. It is a good thing to look back and see whether you have been as happy, and made others as happy, as you might have done.

Remember that we don't get very many years to live in this world, so look out that you don't waste any of them. If you have spent the year in first doing some good to other people, and so making yourself happy, and, secondly, in getting on better than ever before in your work and your play, then you can feel that the time has not been wasted; you are "roasting your own goose" of happiness.

MAN WHO SAVED THE HEART OF SHELLEY



The fine figure of the mariner in this picture of the North-West Passage, by Sir John Millais, is a portrait of Captain Edward Trelawney, the friend and companion of the poets Byron and Shelley, who rescued Shelley's heart from the flames. See next column

A GREAT FEAST

Happiness in a Workhouse

As long as we must have workhouses we hope that people in them may be happy. Many of the Boards of Guardians have done their best to see that this is so this Christmas-time.

At one of the Lambeth workhouses nearly a ton of Christmas cake was made, in which 13 cwt. of raisins and currants and peel were used, and 1700 eggs. The beef and poultry weighed nearly 180 stones, and the potatoes a ton and a half.

For dessert the inmates have 74 lb. of almonds and raisins, over 100 lb. of grapes, and 1000 lb. of apples, with over 2000 oranges. There will be 740 bottles of lemonade.

No beer is provided by the Lambeth Guardians, who know quite well the part drink has played in bringing people to the workhouse door. It is hard to understand the minds of those guardians who, as at Colchester, think it wise to celebrate Christmas by giving paupers drink. "Drink makes paupers; give the paupers drink" is not the wisest motto in the copybooks, and we hope to see the day when the Ministry of Health will refuse to allow it to be carried out.

LOST SHIP COMES HOME

20-Years' Wreck Sails Up the Thames

A ship with a history, a ship worth seeing, came up the Thames the other day. Strange, indeed, is the story of the Alexandrina, a British ship wrecked 22 years ago off Tierra del Fuego when rounding the dreaded Horn. For twenty years she lay abandoned and forgotten, battered by storms and plundered by natives, till only masts and hull were left.

Then came the war and Germany's submarine campaign, and every derelict of the sea was caulked and patched to make up for the shortage of shipping.

A South American salvage firm sent its workmen to Patagonia, dug a channel in the sand, got the Alexandrina back again to the salt sea, worked on her for four months, and the brave old ship at last felt her youth renewed. She was towed 250 miles to Punta Arenas, docked, refitted and equipped, and today she sails the seas again, storm-swept by the winds but unconquered.

How proud the Southampton men who built her a generation ago would have felt if they had seen her sailing up through the Thames fog.

SHELLEY'S FRIEND MAN WHO SAVED THE POET'S HEART

Cornish Hero Who Married a
Brigand's Daughter

STORY OF A FAMOUS PICTURE

The debate as to Shelley's heart appears to have been decided in favour of Captain Edward John Trelawney. Shelley's heart is buried in Rome.

The C.N. theory seems to hold the field—that at the cremation of the drowned poet's remains he did rescue the heart from the flames, even if the circumstances were not exactly as he described them in his book.

One friend of the Shelley family writes that the heart was afterwards enclosed in a silver casket and buried in the family vault at Boscombe Church; another asserts that it was forwarded to Rome and there buried with his ashes in the Protestant cemetery, which lies by the side of the road along which St. Paul was led to execution. It is strange that an event of this character could remain for so long in doubt.

Romantic Figure

At any rate, Trelawney, the poet's friend, stands clearly acquitted of the charge of an atrocious falsehood, and the C.N. most gladly helps to clear his name. Trelawney deserves remembrance, for he was a romantic figure.

A member of the famous old Cornish family of Trelawnys, he took early to the sea, just missing Trafalgar, but lived for 75 years after it—the last man who knew Shelley and Byron, whom he outlived by nearly 60 years. He himself died, in 1881, at 90.

For part of his life he fought, like Byron, for the liberty of Greece; for part of his life he was a sort of gentleman pirate in the Mediterranean. Byron in "Don Juan" imagines his hero captured by a Greek pirate and marrying the lovely daughter of the rascal. But Trelawney actually did marry the beautiful daughter of a Greek brigand, and spent his honeymoon in a cave on an island.

Millais and His Picture

He is known to art as well as literature in rather a curious way. The friend of artists and poets, he was intimate with Millais, who desired the splendid giant in his old age to sit for a picture. Trelawney haughtily refused, saying that he hated society and society ways. Then a woman came into the story.

Lady Millais, the artist's wife, went secretly to him, and begged him to sit, but again and again he refused. Then suddenly he said:

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I am greatly interested in a company for the promotion of Turkish baths in London. If you will go with my niece and take six Turkish baths and pay for them yourself, I will come and sit six times."

The Glass on the Table

Lady Millais had never heard of a Turkish bath, but she wanted Trelawney in her husband's picture, so she went and had her course of baths, and Trelawney gave Sir John Millais his six sittings. The result was one of the most famous pictures of the 19th century—"The North-West Passage." Against Trelawney's wish the artist painted in a glass of grog, and the heroic Trelawney never forgave him, for he was a teetotaler and hated alcohol.

However, the picture, now in the Tate Gallery, created a tremendous sensation. Engravings went to all parts of Christendom, and the effect upon the nation was such that Sir George Nares, who led an Arctic Expedition five years later, acknowledged himself as deeply indebted to the painting for stimulating public pride and interest.

The hero of it is John Trelawney, knight-errant, bold sea rover, lover of freedom, writer, most loyal of comrades, and of every friendless man the friend

THE SHINING WAY GREAT WHITE ROAD FROM LONDON TO PARIS

Beams of Fifteen Lighthouses
for the Flying Men

THE WATCH R IN THE TOWER

With the coming of winter air traffic between London and the Continent has considerably slackened off.

This is due not only to the fact that fogs and bad weather generally are against flying, but also to the shorter hours of operation owing to the fact that arrangements for night flying have been neglected.

Vigorous steps are being taken to remedy this, and the airway between London and Paris is to be lit up. Between the London terminal aerodrome at Croydon and Le Bourget aerodrome near Paris 15 lighthouses, whose beams will be thrown skywards, are to be erected.

The most difficult and dangerous part of night flying is landing in the dark, and a new and ingenious device for enabling this to be done with safety is nearing completion at Croydon.

Great Star on the Ground

Shallow excavations have been made in the form of a huge star, measuring almost a quarter of a mile across. Electric lights have been placed below the ground level, and the whole has been covered with thick glass, strong enough to bear an aeroplane landing on it.

Readers will have noticed cone-shaped bags floating in the breeze above an aerodrome, attached to the end of long poles, and many may have wondered what they are. They are to indicate to the flying man the direction of the wind, so that he may land as he wishes, with the head of his aeroplane against the wind.

The new landing device at Croydon not only lights up the ground for the night-flier, but also indicates the direction in which he is to land. The lights in each arm of the star can be controlled independently, and at the base of each is a shorter line of lights set at right angles to it, so forming a huge letter L.

Station on Four Legs

At night the lights are illuminated with the long arm of the letter L pointing in the direction the wind is blowing, and the pilot knows that he must land along this in the direction of the shorter arm, and bring his machine to a standstill before it is reached.

Croydon aerodrome is also to have a traffic controller, who will operate from an office towering above all other buildings in the immediate vicinity. From this control station, built on four great legs, he will be in wireless communication with aeroplanes on the route.

He will be able, for instance, to advise a particular incoming machine whether the aerodrome is clear for landing, or whether it had better slacken speed to allow an outgoing mail to get clear first.

White and Green Lights

An aviator wishing to land at night will fire a green Vérey light when some distance off the air port, and will await a reply from the man in the watch-tower before he attempts to land. If a white light is fired in return he will know that there is an obstruction, and he must fly around until a green light is fired to indicate "All clear."

When these devices are in working order it will be possible for the business man to finish his day's work in London, board a plane, talk over a business deal at dinner in Paris, and be at his desk in London at the usual time next morning.

A letter posted overnight in London will be delivered in Paris first post next day, and the reply will be in London by midday.

JANUARY ONE WORLD LIVING IN TWO YEARS AT ONCE

The Line on the Map Where
the Day Begins

QUEER PUZZLE OF THE CLOCK

January 1 is New Year's Day, and when midnight strikes at the close of December 31, wherever we may be, we shall pass from 1920 into 1921. But the New Year must begin at some particular place on the earth, and the curious thing is that, while half the world is living in 1920, the other half will be living in 1921.

As we show on our world map week by week, the whole earth is divided into 24 time-zones by 24 meridians, or imaginary lines, the distances between the meridians being 15 degrees. All the places on a meridian have the same time of day, and for convenience it has been decided that the meridian time shall also be the time for all places seven and a half degrees on each side of the line.

The Two Captains

Look at the world map, and you will see that when it is noon on the Greenwich meridian it is one o'clock on the next line to the east, two on the next, and so on right round the world, till we come back to the meridian next to Greenwich on the west side, where it is eleven o'clock.

This method of reckoning the same time for certain large zones is very convenient so long as we are living in one town or country, but strange things happen when we begin to travel.

Two captains started from Plymouth to sail round the world, one going east and the other west, and a friend saw them off. Their ships arrived back at Plymouth on the same day, and the friend was there to meet them, saying he was glad they had come back on a Saturday as it was his half-holiday.

Westward and Eastward

"What!" said the captain who had sailed eastward. "It is not Saturday, but Sunday today." "No," said the other captain, "it is Friday."

What was the explanation of this curious mistake? Well, in travelling eastward one ship was travelling in the same direction as the earth goes round, while the ship travelling west was going in the opposite direction to the earth.

All through its journey the ship travelling eastward was passing toward meridians which would see the sun rise earlier than the meridian it was leaving, so that between noon of one day and noon of the next day there would be less than the usual 24 hours. The ship travelling westward, on the other hand, was passing toward meridians where the sun rose later than the meridian it was leaving, so that between noon and noon there would be a longer period than the usual 24 hours.

Short Days and Long Days

The landsman at Plymouth, however, lived through days of 24 hours each while the ships were away, but it was different for the voyagers. The one travelling eastward found when comparing sun time with his clock that the days were about 23 hours 56 minutes and 4 seconds each, while the captain going westward found the days 24 hours 3 minutes 57 seconds long. It was this daily difference that had accumulated and made one captain think the day of his home-coming was Sunday, while the other thought it was Friday. One, according to his clock, had lost a day, and the other had gained one.

The actual story of the captains is an imaginary one, but the facts of losing and gaining a day are true, and in practice allowance is made for this by ships. Those travelling westward omit a day in

Continued in the next column

BIBLE STORY COMES TO LIGHT

The Defeat of Sennacherib

All have heard of the Assyrian King Sennacherib who wasted Judea in the days of Hezekiah, 2620 years ago, and was turned back by an attack of plague when about to besiege Jerusalem. Lord Byron wrote of him,

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of his spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly o'er deep Galilee!

and went on to tell how the hosts were stricken by the Sword of the Lord.

A most valuable version of the Bible story has been unearthed in recent excavations between Nineveh and Babylon, and has been acquired by the University of Chicago. The story is inscribed on six great tablets, and it tells of the incidents of the great western campaign which Sennacherib waged over Edom, Moab, and Philistia, reaching Tyre and Sidon, but stopping short of Jerusalem, where a whole wing of the great army was stricken and perished.

SHIP THAT CHANGED COLOUR

Odd Effect of a Volcano

A recent article in My Magazine on the raging furnace inside the earth has led one of our readers to send us the following note on the atmospheric effects of great eruptions.

My brother was in Singapore when the Krakatoa outburst occurred.

A ship was lying there in dry dock, being painted white; but when the work was finished the colour was grey. A lawsuit resulted, and it was then proved that the dust in the air had mingled with the paint and coloured it.

Steamers came into harbour with several inches of lava dust on deck.

With regard to Mont Pelée, the weather after the eruption was grey and sombre for a fortnight. The sun appeared to be covered by a haze of dust.

A FARM SCENE

The Bad Dog and the Kind Bull

A Scottish girl tells a nice dog-and-bull story. Our dog is a rascal—in fact, a bad dog. He is fond of chasing anything that will run from him.

One day, as we were going for a walk with him, he went into a field by the side of a farm where some chickens were feeding, and chased one of the poor little things till he caught it. Then he let it run, and caught it again, till the chicken pretended to be dead.

My aunt and I called to him and chased him, but he would not come.

Then a big bull with huge horns came bounding towards us, and of course we took our departure.

The bull sent our dog off, and then walked over to where the little chick was, sniffed at it, and very gently touched it with its hoof. I am sure this was to see if the little thing were hurt.

Continued from the previous column.

their reckoning, and those travelling eastward repeat one day. The date line at the 180th meridian on the other side of the world is the place where this adjustment takes place. This is the line where the New Year begins.

This curious problem of time can arise in other ways, and Jules Verne has dealt with it very cleverly in his famous book "Round the World in Eighty Days," where Phileas Fogg, the hero, who made a wager that he would go round the world in 80 days, arrives, as he thinks, one day late, but really wins the wager because he had not taken into account a day gained in travelling in an easterly direction.

See World Map

A SHILLING'S WORTH OF KNOWLEDGE

What Everybody Wants
to Know

C.N. MONTHLY BEGINS A NEW YEAR

The Editor much regrets that it was impossible to meet the demand for the C.N. Monthly for December, but preparations have been made to meet the demand for the January number now on sale everywhere. Here are some of the contents of the new issue of My Magazine.

SHALL WE FIND THE NEW WORLD?

The long trail the explorers of the universe have set out upon, looking for the new world already trembling on the verge of their telescopes

LITTLE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH

A beautiful colour frontispiece

NATIONS SET FREE

A survey of the fifteen countries that are reshaping themselves after the war

SCENES IN THE NATIONS SET FREE

A gallery of pictures of the life of the new nations

CIVILISING A WILD BEAST

How the enemy of the flock became the guardian of the fold; the story of the wolf that became man's friend, with some fine pictures in photogravure

UNSTEADY EARTH

The hidden energies that burst forth in land and sea

THE MAN WHO GAVE LONDON A CHANCE

The wonderful thing Hugh Myddelton did. The marvellous story of a Welsh boy, a friend of Walter Raleigh, who brought pure water to London and struck the greatest blow to plague that history of those days records

THE WONDERFUL ENVELOPE WE LIVE IN

A plain little article on the atmosphere IS LIFE WOUND UP LIKE A CLOCK, AND CAN WE SLOW IT DOWN OR WIND IT UP AGAIN?

A very attractive article on the new knowledge of physiology that accumulated during the war

JOAN IN SEARCH OF THE MILLENNIUM

A little girl's journey for her heart's desire, and how she found it

PICTURES THAT WILL LIVE FOR AGES

Four immortal paintings in full colour which alone are worth more than the cost of the Magazine

The Boy With the Rabbit. By Raeburn Glen Birna. By Sir John Millais

At Church. From the Luxembourg

The Boy With the Apple. By Van Dyck

A LITTLE GARDEN OF VERSES

Poems we all ought to know—illustrated

THE WONDER OF HUMAN PROGRESS

Have you ever thought of how small a number of people carry the world on their backs?

BETWEEN THE STARS

What is it that stretches across the realms of space?

A SEARCH FOR THE OLDEST MAN

The expedition leaving for Central Asia in quest of the missing link

WHY THINGS ARE DONE

Why submarine cables are very thick

Why a swing door has a brass plate

There is no better shillingworth anywhere than this magazine, with its mass of pictures, puzzles, and stories, every page interesting enough to keep you awake at night. Do not buy it if you want a magazine to send you to sleep.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Bison Bi-son

Cachar Kah-char

Gomez Go-mace

Pleiades Plee-yah-deez

Venezuela Ven-ee-zway-lah

Vespasian Ves-pay-she-an

Foreign sounds cannot be represented exactly, but are given as nearly as possible

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Song Thrush Singing Again

BADGER'S BROKEN SLEEP

By Our Country Correspondent

December 26. In the south of England the badger does not hibernate completely, though he becomes less active. In fact, he spends the present cold months in a kind of broken sleep, but farther north he will sleep right through the cold weather. Badgers are not so rare as is supposed, but, being night animals, they are rarely seen.

December 27. The song thrush is always with us, and if it can get food, as it usually can in the neighbourhood of London and other large towns, it sings best part of the year. Just now in most places its loud and spirited song can be heard, and is very welcome.

December 28. It is interesting to go out on a bright morning at the close of the year to see if a wild nosegay can be gathered. Sometimes quite a number of different flowers are in blossom, but whatever else may be shy the daisy can usually be reckoned on, for it flowers nearly all the year.

December 29. The poor fox is having a harassing time just now, for hunting is at its height, and poor Reynard gets little rest. He is, however, very cunning, and often eludes his pursuers. If we are out walking we may happen to see a fox leave his hole in search of food, and certainly he looks a fine creature with his reddish fur and bushy tail.

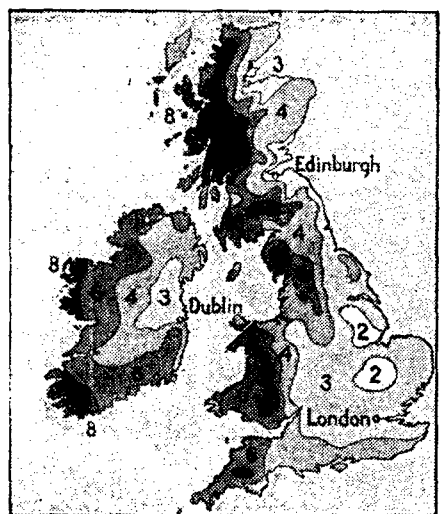
December 30. The laurestinus is putting forth its clusters of white buds in profusion, and these will soon expand into apple-red blossoms.

December 31. Any morning now you will see on the lawn the little heaps of mould that have been thrown up as a result of the nocturnal habits of the earthworm. Darwin taught us how very interesting this despised creature is, and we shall do well to study its habits.

January 1. The golden clusters of the winter aconite are generally ready to welcome us on New Year's Day, even if there be a frost and snow lies on the ground. It is like a buttercup, and is, indeed, a member of the buttercup family.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Rain of December



This map shows the average rainfall in inches for different areas during the month of December

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

In this month there are usually frosts severe enough to harden the ground, so that it is fit to be wheeled upon, and advantage should be taken of this to distribute manure where it is wanted.

Nail wall trees in favourable weather. See that no more nails are used than absolutely required, and that they are driven not into the face of the bricks, but into the mortar.

Re-gravel walks where necessary, and turn others that have become mossy.

Examine drains and see that no gravel has been washed into them by rains.

UNKNOWN SLEEPER
IN THE ABBEY
HONOURING A NOBLE
BUILDING

The Plain Stone and the Great Monuments

WAR STATUES IN THE
PLACE OF PEACE

The unknown tenant of Westminster Abbey does honour to that noble building, for is he not the chosen type of the spirit of our British race, embracing the feelings that have woven themselves into our history in these seven years?

If that is so, as indeed it is, then, as the Abbey honours him, he honours the Abbey too. Someone visiting the Abbey the other day expressed a hope that revolution may enter that noble church and sweep away "all those statues, busts, broken masts, rope-ends, marble marlinspikes, and so on, which turn our most glorious House of God into the front parlour of a monumental mason's shop."

How Did They Get There?

It is a startling thought that revolution should be necessary to carry out such a work. How is it that these things ever got into the Abbey? A dean of Westminster Abbey refused burial to the dead body of William Booth, who gave his whole life for the poor and sorrowful; but no dean we heard of ever refused the hospitality of the Abbey to a statue carrying a sword. And, in any case, who does not like the plain stone of the Unknown Warrior better than all the monuments?

The present state of the Abbey does, it is true, strike a traveller sometimes as ludicrous, and shows us the dangers of compromise. The Church ought always to have stood clean apart from the world. She should have been as utterly separate from militarism and politics as her Master was. She should have had one message for mankind, and only one—her Master's message of peace and goodwill.

But she compromised, and admitted to the Abbey the statues of all sorts of generals and admirals, no matter what their lives were like so long as they had won wars. If the Church had stood apart from war and opposed it all through history, the last Great War would not have been.

Love and Mercy

The fact is that the whole world has always stood in need of Christ's plain teaching and has never had it, and no Church can serve two masters. Look at the condition of the world today. Where is there a nation not torn by unrest? Where is there a nation free from assassination, murder, and political upheaval? They have all been compromising between God and man, and the result is what we see—chaos threatening the whole earth with ruin.

It is the same with individuals as it is with nations. Character can never be anything but a chaos where the individual is ever juggling between good and evil. *He that is not for Me is against Me.*

The Dean of Westminster, we may be sure, would not have to go begging money to save the Abbey from collapse if the whole British Commonwealth of Free Nations felt that this greatest of all our churches was the pure living witness of the plain gospel of Jesus—that Love and Mercy are greater than Force and Victory.

CAMBUSLANG

A little lady of Cambuslang, by Glasgow, writes with delight of the distinction her parish has won by having about the best results of the no-licence elections. It was in Cambuslang that George Whitefield stirred up a great religious revival 180 years ago, and we congratulate the parish on its new and proud distinction of leading the way in the fight against drink.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

How Long Will an Egg-Shell Last?

If not exposed to violence an egg-shell should last for ages. Eggs of birds now extinct are preserved.

Did England Ever Have Giant Birds?

Geologists can answer with certainty for one. It has the name of gastornis. It was goose-like in form, and exceeded the size of the modern ostrich.

Why Do Bees Disappear at Night?

It is probable that the bees disappeared by day, and that they swarmed, and that some remained in the hive after thousands had departed.

Why Are There No Bears in Antarctica?

All land connections between Antarctica and the rest of the world must have broken down before bears were evolved. Antarctica has no warm-blooded life save that which reaches it from the sea.

Why Do Ducks Waddle?

The duck's legs and feet are swimming organs as well as limbs for walking, so they are set well to the rear of the body. This makes the balance of the bird on land ungraceful, and gives rise to the waddling action.

Do Caterpillars Live Through Winter?

Many species do. If the right food can be continued and the box kept warm the caterpillars named should thrive. The writer kept 250 tiger moth caterpillars and brought them through after they had ceased to feed for six weeks.

How Can a Parrot's Diet be Varied?

Add to the items named boiled maize, fresh each day, and discontinue, permanently, the bread and milk. Give nuts occasionally, and a few sunflower seeds. A parrot should have a stick to nibble, and a constant supply of sharp grit.

Do Floating Clouds Possess Weight?

They do possess weight, though they float lighter than air. Millions of tons of water are lifted by the sun into the air every day, and clouds are the result. They float, like a gas-filled balloon, because they are not as heavy as the air they displace.

Is There Life in the Antlers of a Stag?

While the antlers are growing they are supplied with blood vessels and nerves. When growth ceases, connection with the nerves and circulatory system of the blood is cut off and the bone dies, and in due course falls off, like a dead leaf.

What Kind of Horse Stands Highest?

The Shire, of which the male should be at least 17 hands. A hand is four inches. Other heights are: Clydesdale, 16½ to 17 hands; Suffolk Punch, 16½ to 17; Hunter up to 16½; Hackney, 15 to 16½; Cleveland Bay, 16 to 16½; Yorkshire Coach Horse, 16½ hands.

Why Do Not Wrens Increase in Number?

A gentleman of 80 writes that from boyhood he has observed that the wrens about his home never increase beyond a single pair. Well, of those hatched, some fly away, some are killed, some die, some succeed their parents. That is as Nature's laws should operate.

Where Do Dabchicks Go in Spring?

In spring dabchicks spread far and wide over the country to nest, and feed near streams and rivers, and even small quiet ponds. Like many other birds, the dabchick shifts its quarters in autumn, and Cookham, from which the query comes, with over 200 acres of water, would be a tempting winter resort.

How did the Enemy of the Flock become the Guardian of the Fold?

This stirring question of how a wild beast has been civilised—how the wild wolf became the faithful dog—is dealt with by Our Natural Historian in the new issue of the C.N. monthly—My Magazine.

BRILLIANT STAR
CLUSTERSPARKLING JEWELS SEEN
WITH THE NAKED EYE

Colossal Streams of Whirling Light

GIANT SUNS WASTING AWAY

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

That brilliant cluster, the Pleiades, is again adorning the evening sky.

These stars are so neatly and compactly bunched together that they seem obviously to be members of one family—which is now known to be the case, for they are all travelling together in the same direction, to the south-west.

They will be found very high up toward the south about 8 to 10 p.m., and more to the south-east earlier in the evening. They appear to occupy a space almost equal to two full moons placed side by side. Generally only six can be seen, though sharp eyes may distinguish from seven to nine. With opera glasses the number will be increased to fifty, and the most powerful telescopes reveal thousands.

Inconceivable Distances

This glorious cluster is at a colossal distance, certainly not less than 42,800,000 times as far away as our Sun, which is about 93 million miles. What this means will be best understood by an imaginary model. Suppose we put a very small pea, representing the Sun, about 10 inches away from a minute and scarcely visible speck representing the Earth; then we should have to travel 6600 miles to, say, South Africa, to place the Pleiades at the proper distance.

Now, a vastly different state of things exists in these far-off suns, and in the enormous spaces between them, from what prevails in our Sun, and the space between him, the Earth, and other worlds. Instead of an almost empty void there are volumes of whirling elements in the form of very rarefied gas, much of which is luminous.

Long exposed photographs, taken through powerful telescopes, reveal a marvellous scene of curving streams of light filling the space between.

Helium and Hydrogen

The distances between these suns represent many light years, and a light year is nearly six million-million miles.

The chief materials filling these vast spaces are helium and hydrogen, two of the lightest elements known. Hydrogen we are all familiar with as the chief constituent of water and steam; but it is far lighter than steam in the Pleiades, and it is glowing with intense heat on the suns themselves. Indeed, these suns are known to be much hotter than our Sun, and were a Pleiad to change places with our Sun, even supposing it were the same size, its heat and light would be at least twenty-five times as great, so that nothing we are familiar with could exist on the Earth.

Nebulae Formed from Suns

This intense heat and light represents colossal energy and velocity of all the particles in and around these suns far exceeding ours. Now, our Sun often sends vast quantities of hydrogen upwards at a speed of 200 miles a second, but his energy is feeble compared with the Pleiades; so supposing Alcyone, the brightest of them, to be of the same size and massiveness as our Sun, but that it sent its hydrogen and helium forth with only twice the energy of our Sun, it would never fall back again, but would speed away into space and help to form the streams of "fire mist" that we see.

So we have in the Pleiades examples of giant suns so surcharged with fiery energy that they are wasting away from the radiation of their substance into space; and instead of suns developing from nebulae, we see nebulae being formed out of suns, and so perfecting the cycle of existence.

G. F. M.

OUT OF BOUNDS

An Exciting Story of the
Secret of an Old Ruin

Told by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 30 Into the Depths

To the end of his life Stan never forgot the horror of that plunge into the pit. He believed it to be the mouth of an old mine shaft, and had not the faintest doubt but that he would be dashed to pieces on hard rock perhaps hundreds of feet below.

The thought had hardly time to flash through his mind before he had reached the bottom and fallen apparently upon a feather-bed. Even so, the shock was enough to knock the breath out of him, and for a moment he lay panting, breathless. The first thing he realised was that someone else was breathing hard close by. Then came a muffled voice.

"That you, Stan?"

"Yes," gasped Stan. "Caffyn shoved me over. Where are we?" From above came a hoarse laugh. "Where are you, eh? You'll soon find out. You're trapped, you prying brats. You've given me the chance I was looking for."

Hank pulled himself together and sat up.

"Don't you be too cock-a-hoop, Caffyn," he answered. "We'll square it up some time."

Caffyn laughed again scornfully.

"You had better keep a civil tongue in your head," he said threateningly. "Just remember I'm the only one that knows where you are, and that you stay there and starve if I choose. There's no one to help you unless I send someone, and, do what you like, you can't get out without help. Bye-bye," he added jeeringly.

They heard his steps crashing away through the dead bracken, and presently all was still.

By this time Stan had scrambled up and found himself standing knee deep in a vast pile of rotting leaves. It was these which, drifting in from above and collecting on the floor of the pit, had broken their fall.

Hank, too, was on his feet and looking upwards.

"I say, Stan, this is some trap," he said.

"I should rather think it was," growled Stan. Then more hopefully, "But it's not very deep. I don't think it's more than twenty or thirty feet."

"It don't seem deep enough for a mine shaft," said Hank, "or wide enough for a quarry."

"Wait a jiffy. I've got matches," said Stan.

"That's a bit of luck! Light up, and let's have a look round."

Stan had flung on his clothes before leaving the dormitory, and most fortunately there was a box of matches in his pocket. He struck one, and the small flame illuminated the black darkness of the pit.

They stared about them.

"My word, but it's a queer place!" said Hank. "Looks like a bee-hive with a hole in the top."

He could not have described the pit more accurately, for while the floor was quite thirty feet across, the opening at the top was no more than six. The walls, of dirty white chalk, curved inwards from the floor to the outlet, and, though this was little more than twenty feet above their heads, it was plain as a pikestaff that there was no getting out except with the help of a rope.

"Caffyn was right," drawled Hank. "We're properly boxed. It's like one of those elephant traps I've seen pictures of."

"Wait a minute," said Stan sharply. "There's a passage out." He pointed as he spoke to a low-roofed tunnel, half blocked with leaves, leading out of the pit.

Next moment the match burnt his fingers, he dropped it quickly, and they were once more in darkness.

"I saw it," replied Hank. "Guess we've got to try that. But who on earth ever cut a pit like this, and what did they do it for?"

"It's what they call a dene-hole," Stan told him. "I've heard Dad talk of them. No one knows who dug them, but they're supposed to have been used for storehouses and hiding-places ever so long ago."

"Stored us, right enough," replied Hank with a flash of his old humour. "But strike another match, Stan, and let's get to it."

On this point Stan had his doubts. Still, anything was better than staying where they were and freezing, for the air was bitterly cold and damp. Lighting another match, he led the way to the mouth of the tunnel. The leaves were so thick that they had to burrow among them to get through; but once inside they found head room. The tunnel, clean and smooth as the day it was cut, ran straight away into the chalk, the match-light flickering on its white walls.

"How many matches have you got?" demanded Hank.

"About fifty, I suppose."

"And, for all we know, this here burrow may be five miles long. Guess we've got to walk it in the dark, Stan."

"But suppose there's a pit in the floor?"

"You don't catch this bird falling in twice on one night," replied Hank drily. "I'll lead the way and you stick right close behind me. If we each keep one hand on the wall, and I shuffle my feet good and careful, there's not much risk."

"I can do better than that," said Stan. "I've just found a piece of good stout cord in my pocket. If I tie one end round your waist, and hold the other, I can jerk you back if you get into trouble."

"That's a good notion," allowed Hank, and the cord having been fixed they started.

It was a slow and tedious journey, and though there did not seem to be any holes in the floor, Stan soon found that the whole passage sloped downwards. The darkness, too, was trying. It was the sort that presses upon you like a weight.

Suddenly Hank stopped.

"What's up?" asked Stan.

"A break in the wall. Strike a light."

The match showed that the break was caused by a cross passage turning sharp to the right. Both passages were alike in size and shape. There was nothing to distinguish them.

"We had better keep straight on," said Hank, and taking out his knife began cutting into the soft chalk.

"What are you doing?" demanded Stan.

"Blazing the trail," replied Hank. "It's a senseless game to take a trip like this without being able to come back on your tracks."

On they went again. It was a deadly monotonous business. And though neither of them said much they were not feeling too cheerful. They met more cross passages, and at each Hank cut a mark to show which way they had taken.

An hour passed. They were getting tired, and horribly sleepy.

Came another break. Another match was lit, and this time, instead of a cross passage, they found themselves in another big chamber like the first they had fallen into. Stan looked up at the stars which blinked in the blue overhead, and gave a startled gasp.

"I say, Hank, see where we are?"

Hank nodded. "We've been going downhill a piece," he answered.

There was no doubt about that—not the slightest. The opening overhead was at least eighty feet instead of thirty above their heads.

CHAPTER 31

More Trouble

"We had better go back," said Stan.

"Go back! That first hole's no better than this. Twenty feet or two hundred, it's all the same. Besides, I guess the old chaps who dug these holes didn't have wings."

"They might have had rope ladders," suggested Stan.

"That's a fact, but my notion is that they didn't haul all the stuff they dug out of these galleries by rope ladders. Take it from me there's a way out if we can find it."

Hank's pluck and cheeriness made Stan a little ashamed, and he vowed to himself he would grumble no more. They went right through the pit, out the far side, and began again their slow, cautious tramp through the gloom.

At last, after what seemed hours, the floor began to rise again. It seemed too good to be true, but at the next crossing the match-light showed that it was a fact. The passage was sloping steadily upwards.

Neither said much, but Stan's heart was thumping as they crawled up and up the long, slow slope.

Suddenly Hank stopped and gave a shout which echoed weirdly up and down the tunnel.

"Stars, Stan! I told you we'd fetch it."

Three minutes later, utterly exhausted, but entirely grateful, the two stumbled out of the blackness into the open.

They stood still, looking round, filling their lungs with the chill, fresh air.

"It tastes good!" said Hank.

"Topping! But where are we?"

"Ask me another," said Hank. "We're clear of the forest, anyway."

The moon was down, but it was not yet dawn. As far as they could see in the faint starlight they were on an open hillside, with an open plain beyond. They could see lights in the distance, but those seemed a very long way off.

"Ugh, it's cold!" said Stan, shivering.


"It's all of that," replied Hank, "and I guess I've got mighty little sole left to my slippers. My feet are real sore."

"You poor old chap!" said Stan.

"Get on my back."

"I'm not so bad as that," laughed Hank. "But say, we can't stand here, or we'll freeze stiff. Let's push along and see if we can find some sort of shelter."

Quite plainly this was the only thing to do, and they walked down the hillside. Every blade of grass held its drop of half frozen dew, and their soaked feet grew numb with cold.



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They scrambled through a hedge and found themselves in a big field. The lights were still a long way off, and Hank was now limping badly.

Another hedge, a big one, and they had to coast along it to find a gap. When at last they got through it was only to find themselves in a second field. And now the distant light was gone, and they no longer had anything to guide them.

"I'm mighty sorry," said Hank, "but I don't reckon I can go a lot farther."

Stan was almost in despair. He looked all round, then suddenly clutched Hank's arm.

"Look!" he said breathlessly. "That dark thing! It's a rick or a shed."

It was a rick—a big hayrick with a wooden fence round it. The rick had been cut at one end, and a quantity of loose hay lay on the ground.

"Talk of lucky strikes!" muttered Hank, as he flung himself into the thick of it and began piling the dry, fragrant stuff all over himself.

Stan followed his example and fairly buried himself. In a few minutes his teeth stopped chattering and a delightful warmth stole through his chilled and aching body. He began to feel drowsy.

"Are you comfy, Hank?" he asked in a sleepy whisper.

The answer was a gentle snore. Stan closed his eyes. In half a minute he was sound asleep.

Stan dreamed that he was back in the bottom of the dene-hole. Only now the leaves were many feet deep, and he was sinking, sinking into their depths.

Suddenly a giant's arm and hand was thrust through the opening above. It stretched down and seized him in a cruel grip.

Then he woke—woke to find it was broad day and that a real hand, a big and hard one, was grasping him by the shoulder, while the angry eyes of a tall, stout, heavily-built man were staring down into his.

"Of all the cheek I ever knowed!" he cried. "Here they be, Joe," he shouted—"two of 'em."

"Young spies!" came a second voice, and another man, smaller than the first, and with a pair of very blue eyes in a wizened, weather-burnt face, jumped forward, and, catching hold of Hank, lugged him roughly out of his warm nest.

Hank had been still asleep when the man called Joe had laid hold of him. Now he woke up—woke with the astonishing quickness which was part of him, and, instantly closing with Joe, caught him round the waist and back-heeled him.

"Ouch!" yelled Joe, as all Hank's weight came on him.

The bigger man was furious.

"You would, would you?" he roared, and, letting Stan go, turned to seize Hank.

It was not a wise move on his part. Stan, who was as annoyed as Hank at being treated so roughly, at once made a dive at him.

The stout man gave a groan, and doubled up like a concertina.

"Good for you, Stan," cried Hank. "Now scoot!"

As he spoke he was through the fence and off full tilt, and Stan, leaping over the prostrate body of his opponent, followed.

They made straight for the nearest hedge, but long before they had reached it Joe and the other man were on their feet again, and hard in pursuit.

Stan glanced back, and did not half like the look on their faces.

"We're in for it if they catch us," he panted, as he raced alongside Hank. "And there's no cover."

"Wouldn't be much use if there was," replied Hank rather grimly. "I'd forgotten my feet till I started."

Stan looked down at Hank's feet. Even the remains of his slippers were gone. He was running barefoot, and both his feet were stained with blood.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Robin

Mrs. FLIPP had had the robin ever since she opened her tiny general shop at the street corner twenty years before.

He was a fat, cheerful little bird, and his scarlet plaster breast was as gay as the holly berries on the Christmas cards in Mrs. Flipp's little window—in fact, a jollier Christmas robin was never seen.

Mrs. Flipp always took him from the cardboard box under her counter a fortnight before Christmas, and perched him in the very middle of her little window among the halfpenny Christmas cards, the coloured sweets, and the penny toys.

Everybody in the street knew Mrs. Flipp's robin; and each year he cheered them, even when war brought aching hearts and there were no bright sweets and penny toys for the children.

In those dark days Mrs. Flipp perched the robin on a snowy ground of white cotton wool spread on bright biscuit tins, and instead of the sweets and toys she put rosy apples and holly berries, which comforted many a little face pressed against the window; for it is wonderful how a little scarlet-breasted robin can cheer one!

The war had gone, but it had left hard times behind it, and trade was dull in the tiny shop.

Mrs. Flipp's jolly red face became thin and withered; food was scarce and clothes were dear, and she was getting old like the robin under the counter.

"I can't abide to put him out," she whispered to herself. "It'll be a poor Christmas for all of us."

But when she saw the little watching faces she took the robin out gently and perched him on the snowy bed, and the very brightness of his scarlet breast cheered her.

Christmas Eve was cold and snowy, and the wind blew in icy gusts through the little shop.

Mrs. Flipp counted the money she kept in the spotted china cow on the mantelshelf over and over again; but there was not enough to buy anything warm and comforting for her old bones, and she shivered in her thin clothes.

Suddenly the shop-bell rang like a little silver chime, and she hurried to her customer.

He was a soldier, and he was dressed in the familiar blue of the hospital uniform.

"What can I give you, sir?"

"A sight of the robin, missus. I've seen him ever since I was a little chap, and it's him that's kept my heart up all the Christmases I've been away from home. I'll see Mrs. Flipp's robin again some day as gay as gay, I says. And there he is, sure enough, to welcome me, and so I've brought you a present, missus."

He put down a parcel and went out sheepishly.

Mrs. Flipp undid it with trembling fingers. Inside there was a thick shawl as scarlet and gay as the robin's breast.



Ring in New Peace for All Mankind



Dr. MERRYMAN

"Why is doctor's Latin called dog Latin?"

"Oh! because it's curtailed, I suppose."

Happy Man

"I NEVER worry!" exclaimed the optimist.

"What! Never?" queried the pessimist.

"No; in the daytime I'm too busy, and at night I'm too sleepy," returned the other.

Can You Do It?

HERE is a splendid trick which will cause lots of fun at the Christmas party. Place a sheet of paper in front of a looking-glass. Then over it hold a book or sheet of cardboard so that you cannot see the



Drawing the rectangle

paper itself, but only its reflection. Now, with a pencil, looking in the glass, draw a rectangle—a square or oblong—with diagonals, thus:

In drawing this do not take your pencil off except for the last diagonal.

The task seems a very easy one, but try it yourself, and then try it on your friends.

WHY, when you are going for a railway journey, does the collector punch a hole in your ticket? To let you pass through.

The Christmas Tree

O the Christmas tree, so bright and green, awaits Old Santa Claus. And the chimney place all swept and clean gapes wide its ponderous jaws. The little stockings are all hung up, and baby's just makes four. And won't Old Santa be surprised when he finds there is one more. There's an elegant place up in the tree to hang a big bon-bon, and a place for May and one for Kate to leave their dolls upon. But for little baby blue eyes a lower branch he'll choose, where she may reach and find the place he's hung her first new shoes. Turn down the light a little now: old Santa Claus can see. And baby and all must go to bed as good as good can be. Tomorrow morning when we wake, after a long night's sleep, and come to the jolly Xmas tree, we'll see who gets first peep.

An Impossible Trick

ASK your friend to stand against the wall of the room as the boy in the picture is doing, that is, with both feet placed together, with one foot pressing against the wall, while his head is also made to touch the wall. Now ask him to try to raise outwards the foot that is farthest away from the wall. It looks as if this is quite easy to do, but as a matter of fact it is quite impossible.



WHAT is that which goes up the hill and down the hill, and yet stands still? The road.

Not What He Meant

"MAY I accompany you across the street, madam?" gallantly asked a boy scout of an old lady.

"Certainly, my boy. How long have you been waiting for somebody to take you across?" she replied.

WHY is a beehive like a bad potato?

Because a bee-hive is a bee-holder; a beholder is a spectator; and a specked tater is a bad potato.

Well! Well!

"I SAY, Kenneth," exclaimed his elder sister, Doris, "there was once a frog which lived at the bottom of a well eighteen feet deep. Each day the frog climbed three feet, but each night it lost two feet. How long did it take to reach the top?"

Kenneth thought hard for a few moments, and then volunteered the answer, "Sixteen days, of course." "You are wrong," replied Doris. "But how can I be?" demanded her brother, and he proceeded to illustrate his argument on paper.

Doris waited until he had arrived at the answer, sixteen, once again, and then remarked: "You see, the poor frog had lost four feet by the second night, and so it would not be able to climb at all!"

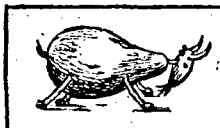
"Oh!" was all Kenneth could gasp.

NAME the most unsociable things in the world.

Milestones, because you never see two of them together.

A Goat Made From a Pear.

HERE is a picture of a goat made up from a pear with the aid of four matches, an almond, and some raisin stalks. We stick the matches into the pear, as shown, then we get a well-shaped almond from its shell to form the head, and into this we stick curved raisin stalks for horns, two or three stalks for a beard, two short pieces of stalks for ears, and the whole is fixed to the end of the pear by means of a stalk or piece of match, thus forming the neck of the goat. A hole is cut on each side of the almond for the eyes. With a little ingenuity it should be possible to make other animals from different kinds of fruit.



Jacko's Christmas Eve

IT was Christmas Eve, and the family had just finished tea.

"What I like," declared Father Jacko, as he sat himself down in his armchair by the fireside and pulled out his paper, "is a nice, quiet, peaceful Christmas."

"It's jolly dull," said Jacko, twiddling the cat's tail.

"Dull! Not at all," replied his father. "I'm thankful we don't live in a noisy town. When I've finished my work I like to sit down and be quiet."

"Well, it's peaceful enough here," remarked Mother Jacko, getting out her knitting and settling herself at the opposite side of the fireplace. "If you like to be quiet, Father, you ought to be satisfied for, upon my word, you might hear a pin drop."

For a moment there was dead silence, then—Bom! Bom! It came from outside, and Jacko sprang to his feet.

"It's a brass band!" he exclaimed, highly delighted; and, tugging at the curtains, he flung them back and pushed up the window. The noise was deafening.

"Shut that window!" roared his father. And Jacko reluctantly obeyed.

"It's only the waits, Dad," he said. "Don't you like to hear them?"

"I do not," said his father. "I hate them. I shall be glad when they are gone."

They did go, but not before they had played "The Mistletoe Bough" and "Good King Wenceslas" from beginning to end.



The baby shrieked in terror

But the sound of their footsteps had barely died away when there was a great scampering of little feet on the doorstep, then a moment's pause, and then a chorus of children's shrill voices started "Christmas Comes But Once a Year."

"Great Scott!" cried Father Jacko, sitting bolt upright and glaring angrily at his wife. "This is too much!"

"Oh, but they're singing quite nicely!" said Mother Jacko. "Send 'em away," roared Father Jacko.

Jacko went off grinning. There was a great scuffling outside, and the waits went off like a streak of lightning.

After that father settled down once more to his paper, and mother to her knitting, and Jacko, feeling bored, strolled upstairs in search of adventure.

Through the open bedroom door he caught sight of the baby asleep in his cot. At the foot hung a huge stocking.

The sight of the stocking put a bright idea into Jacko's head. He darted away, and for half an hour was lost to sight. Then he crept downstairs and went softly into the bedroom.

The next minute the baby woke up, opened his eyes, and shrieked in terror.

The family dashed upstairs, and found Master Jacko, highly pleased with himself, all dressed up as Father Christmas.

"Talk of peace," said Father; "there's no peace here!" And he put on his hat and coat and stamped angrily out of the house.

Hidden Poets

THE name of a poet is hidden in each of these couplets. Do you know what they are?

His nag a young cowboy seized by the mane,
And, leaping upon him, he distanced the train.

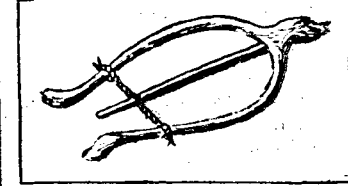
Your dress is much too long, see how it trails;
You will not find it pleasant in high gales.

WHY is a sheet of foolscap like a lazy dog?

Because a sheet of foolscap is an ink-lined plane; an inclined plane is a slope up; and a slow pup is a lazy dog.

A Jumping Frog

THIS picture shows how you can make a frog that will jump from the merrythought or wish-



bone of your Christmas turkey, a small piece of wood, and a piece of thin string or twine.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.
What Am I? Carol, Coral
Is Your Name Here?
The names were Eric and Violet
Who Was He?
The great historian was Edward Gibbon

ABC Stories

The Question



STANDS for question—the question that Bobby asked and nobody would answer.

Bobby was always asking questions; you couldn't stop him. And always, till that day, someone would answer them.

Daddie was best at it. He seemed to like telling you things, and he told them splendidly, just like a fairy tale. So that it certainly seemed strange when Bobby asked a very simple question at breakfast-time on Christmas Eve that they should all be too busy to answer it.

What he asked was:

"Why is the stable door locked?"

"If you want pussy she's in the kitchen," said his mother.

"I know," said Bobby. "I had to give her her breakfast there. But why couldn't I get into the stable?"

"Your egg is getting cold," said his father. "If you don't hurry up you won't be done in time to see me off to the office."

Bobby dug his spoon into his egg and went on with his breakfast with a puzzled look on his face. They couldn't put him off like that. It was perfectly clear they didn't want to tell him. But why? He would ask his mother later on.

And so he did, but all she said was:

"Why, Bobby, the stable has to be locked sometimes."

But Bobby knew better. Never since dear old Dobbin died had that door been locked. The cat slept there to catch the mice, but no one would want to creep in at night to steal a cat.

So why should it be locked?

It was locked all that day. It was very mysterious.

When Bobby ran down to breakfast on Christmas morning he found his plate heaped up with presents—ten of them, all splendid ones—yet, strange to say, there was nothing from Mummy and nothing from Daddie.

He looked up in surprise, and saw Daddie smiling across at him.

"Come out to the stable, son," he said. "I've got something to show you."

When they got there Daddie put the key in the lock and flung back the door; and there, on a soft bed of straw, stood the answer to Bobby's question—a beautiful little Shetland pony for Bobby's very own.

Nobody would answer him

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The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine; the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grows out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 25, 1920.

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HANGING UP THE STOCKING

SNOW TANKS

SHEEP IN NIGHTGOWNS



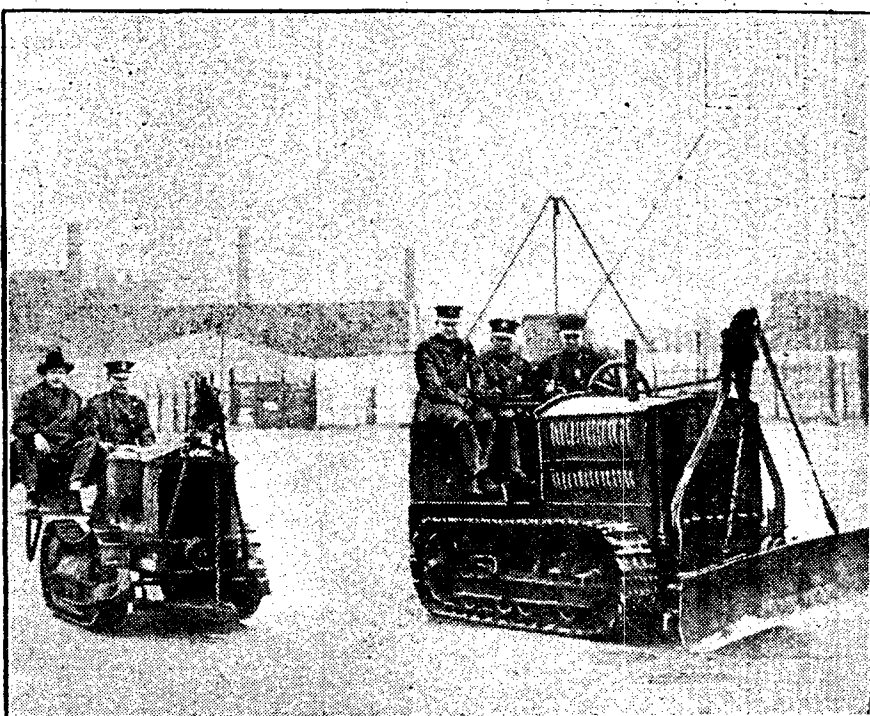
Daddy's Goatskin Trench Coat—This little girl has had a splendid winter coat made out of the goatskin garment her father wore in the trenches, and finds it very warm.



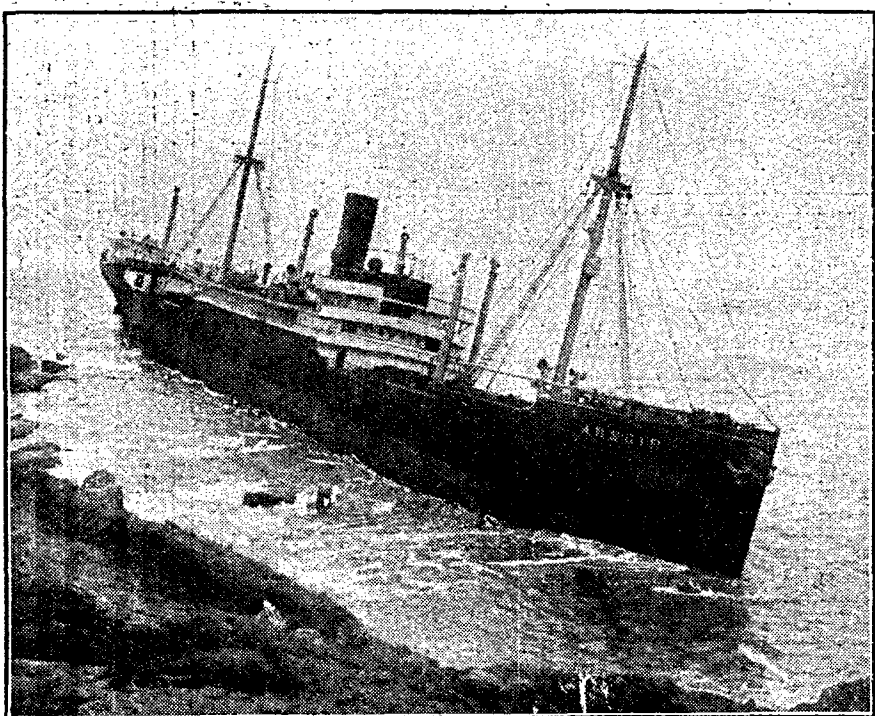
Taking Home the Christmas Tree—There has been a great rush for Christmas trees this year, and this little C.N. reader is pleased to have secured hers.



Hanging up the Christmas Stocking—Tens of thousands of little C.N. readers will be hanging up their stockings on Christmas Eve for Santa Claus to fill.



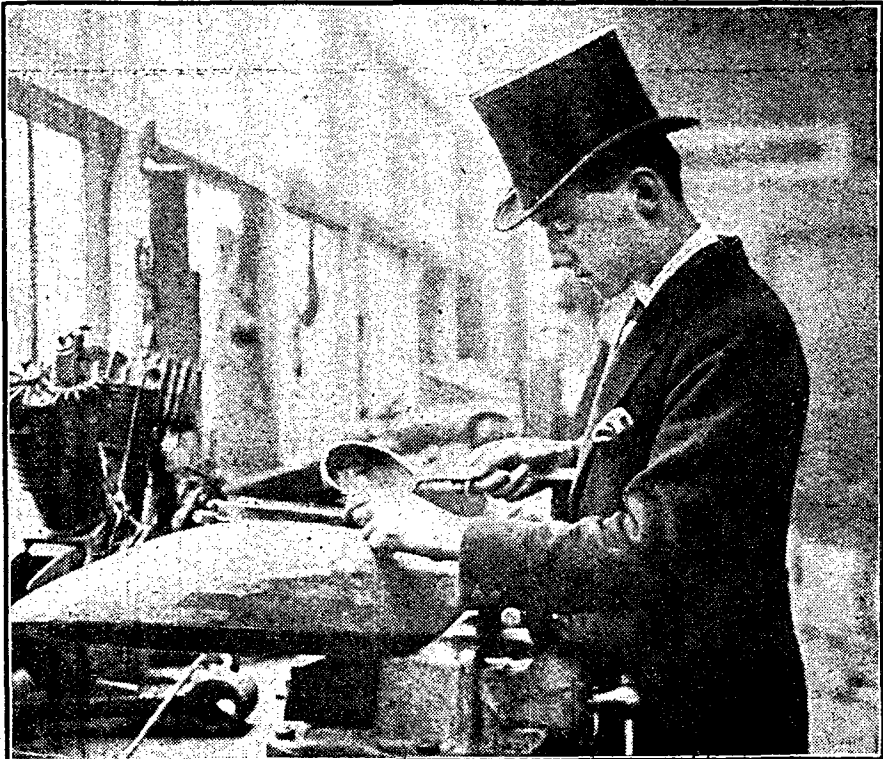
Army Tanks Used as Snow Ploughs—Here is another instance of "beating swords into ploughshares" seen in the streets of New York, where the snow is cleared away by army tanks which have been transformed into snow-ploughs.



Ship Ashore on the Rocks—This is the steamer Ansgir which went ashore in Mount's Bay, Cornwall, in a gale, as described last week, and from which the crew of 45 was rescued by the gallantry of a boy apprentice, who swam ashore with a life-line.



Keeping Clean at the Cattle Show—These Suffolk sheep at the Smithfield Cattle Show in London wore nightgowns while waiting to be judged, so as to be protected from the fog and dirt which might spoil their wool.



The Top Hat in the Workshop—Except when they are playing games Eton boys are scarcely ever seen out of school without their top hats. This boy is busy in one of the school workshops, but he still wears the regulation topper.